

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914.

Summary of the News

So far as the political aspect of the war is concerned, Italy is still the centre of attention and of speculation. With Italy, it is generally assumed, will go Rumania, and if Rumania enters the war on the side of the Allies, there are grounds for believing that Turkey and Bulgaria may take part on the other side. In other columns we publish a closely reasoned article from a correspondent in Rome setting forth the case for Italian intervention.

It has been generally assumed in dispatches from Italy that the death of the Marchese di San Giuliano, the Italian Foreign Minister, which took place on Friday of last week, would remove a restraint which has hitherto been imposed on the advocates of that case, and the appointment as Minister of War earlier in the week of Gen. Zupelli, who comes from the Italian provinces of Austria-Hungary, seemed to lend confirmation to that impression. Another significant indication of public sentiment was the adoption of Signor Battisti, until recently member for Trent of the Austrian Chamber of Deputies, as the representative of Venice in the Italian Chamber. The policy of the late Foreign Minister, however, was clearly not a personal one, but had the earnest support of Signor Salandra and his Cabinet, as well as of a considerable body of responsible public opinion in Italy, and the latest dispatches agree with the statement of the Italian Ambassador to this country, given out on Thursday of last week, that the present attitude of neutrality will be maintained unless some overt act shall occur which threatens the vital interests of Italy.

Interest has again been intrigued by the position of Turkey, and various rumors have been circulated as to the intentions and activities of the Ottoman Government. Early last week those historic cruisers, the Goeben and the Breslau, were reported as having been seen in the Black Sea, flying the Turkish flag, and the inference was made that the German commander of the Goeben was designated as the head of the Turkish fleet and would presently try conclusions with the Russian fleet for the command of those waters. On Monday it was stated specifically in a dispatch from Constantinople that the Government of the Porte, in reply to the representations of Great Britain, had declined to discharge the German crews of the two cruisers, declaring the question to be a domestic one, and on the same day there came a report that a German train laden with munitions of war for Turkey had been stopped by the Rumanian authorities between Bucharest and Giurgevo, on the Danube. Nevertheless, even assuming that all these facts are as stated, it is difficult to discover what inducement Turkey could find in the present state of affairs to cause her to take an active part in the war. It is perhaps the irony of history that that portion of Europe which so definitely upset the existing

balance of power is now the only quarter where a balance of power may be said to exist.

The War Revenue bill was passed by the Senate on October 17 by a vote of 34 to 22.

An investigation into the financial transactions of the Rock Island Railroad and its associated corporations by the Interstate Commerce Commission was begun on October 16, and was adjourned on Monday until October 26.

The Alaska Coal Land Leasing bill, an Administration measure designed to open up the coal resources of Alaska, under a leasing system, was agreed to by the House on October 15. It was in the form of a conference report already adopted by the Senate and became law on receiving the President's signature on Tuesday.

Public hearings on the new application of Eastern railways for increased freight rates, which they contend are necessary on account of financial conditions caused by the European war, were begun in Washington on Monday before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The decree embodying the agreement reached by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company and the Government for the dissolution of the company's system of railway, trolley, and steamship lines, in settlement of the suit brought against it under the Sherman Anti-Trust law, was signed on Saturday of last week.

In view of the approaching adjournment of Congress and the forthcoming elections, the President on October 17 addressed a letter to Representative Oscar Underwood reviewing the work of the present Congress and expressing confidence that a Democratic majority will again be returned. The letter is the President's most notable contribution to the political campaign this year, and will be widely used as a campaign document.

For the first time since August 8 the weekly bank statement last Saturday showed a surplus of cash reserves for the banks in the Clearing House. The surplus reported by the banks alone was \$5,033,250, as against a deficit the previous week of \$1,445,250, and a maximum deficit for the period of \$43,389,250 in the week of August 15.

Traffic through the Panama Canal was interrupted on October 14 by a serious landslide in the Culebra Cut. The slide, according to the official report, was about 1,500 feet long and completely blocked the channel for a distance of 1,000 feet. Col. Goethals expressed the opinion that the damage would be repaired and the canal open for traffic again by the end of this week.

An interesting suit, both on account of the antiquity of the dispute and because an original suit is rarely instituted in the Supreme Court, came up for consideration before that court on October 15, after preliminary pro-

ceedings that had extended over five years. The dispute is between North Carolina and Tennessee over the exact location of the boundary line between these States. The line was originally marked out by a commission in 1821, but no attention was paid to it until after the Civil War, when the markings had become obliterated. Both States then granted titles to the disputed land, and both demanded taxes. The land involved is a tract of between thirty thousand and forty thousand acres.

According to statistics announced by the Department of Agriculture, the wheat crop of the world will be less this year than in 1913 or 1912. The crops of all nations are estimated as aggregating approximately 3,741,018,000 bushels this year, as against 4,125,310,000 bushels in 1913, and 3,791,875,000 bushels in 1912. The harvest in the United States is expected to break all records, and in Great Britain the crop will be far above the average, but a large decrease is shown in Russia. The war, it is reported, has had little effect upon the harvest this year, as most of the wheat was gathered before or soon after hostilities began.

In reply to the Chinese protest against the occupation by the Japanese of the railway in the Shan-tung province in connection with the military operations against Kiaochau, Great Britain has stated that Japan had no alternative, as the railway is under German control and the Germans have used it for military purposes.

The outlook in Mexico has not brightened perceptibly since we wrote last week. The convention at Aguas Calientes adjourned on October 14, pending the arrival of additional delegates representing Zapata, without acting on the resignation of General Carranza as First Chief. On reassembling on Tuesday, according to reports received at the Mexican Consulate at San Antonio, the delegates were thrown into something like a panic by the intelligence that General Villa was moving an army into a position whence he could envelop the city and imprison the convention.

In the rush of subsequent events we have almost forgotten our astonishment at being reminded at the outbreak of war of an antiquated alliance between Great Britain and Portugal which the latter country protested its readiness scrupulously to observe. Recent dispatches from Lisbon have rekindled this recollection, and last week we were definitely informed in a statement by the Portuguese Consul-General at New York that two expeditionary forces of Portuguese troops, for one of which English transports were used, had sailed from Lisbon on September 10 to reinforce garrisons in Portuguese possessions in Africa which adjoin those of Germany.

The deaths of the week include: Prof. Frederick Aldrich Cleveland, October 15; Dr. Joel Foote Bingham, Dr. James Gregory Mumford, Frederick de Coppet, October 18; Monsignor R. H. Benson, October 19; Major-Gen. Hubert Ion Wetherall Hamilton (in France).

The Week

It is well to suspend judgment on the exact nature of the documents which the Germans have found in the Belgian archives, covering some sort of military plans by England and France to defend Belgium in case of war with Germany, but some things are certain. Whatever arrangements were made, were made with the full consent of the Belgian Government, and were designed to defend its neutrality as guaranteed by solemn treaties to which Germany was a party. That cannot be tortured into a violation of Belgian neutrality. And this is to be remembered. The most that the German apologists assert is that France or England was *going* to break the treaty. But Germany *did* break it. Nothing that can be found in the Belgian archives or elsewhere can equal the open confession made by the German Chancellor in his speech to the Reichstag. Announcing the purpose to invade Belgian territory, he said: "Gentlemen, that is a breach of international law." If anything comparable to that had been uttered by Prime Minister Asquith or Sir Edward Grey, public opinion in the United States would have turned as swiftly and decisively against England as it did, in fact, turn against Germany.

A recent editorial in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the most influential journal in South Germany, bears intrinsic evidence how heavily the war begins to bear down upon the German people, for its manifest purpose is to hearten its readers. It recites that the number of unemployed is diminishing; that industry is beginning to find itself; that a meeting of chambers of commerce has proclaimed the war holy, and the condition of trade sound; that the recent public subscription has poured into the Treasury not merely enough money to run the Government until the end of the year, but for double that period. None the less, it finds it necessary to go over the whole ground of the war again, to assure the public that it was forced upon Germany, and that the Empire has undertaken it innocently, in self-defence, merely to preserve the Fatherland. It concludes by urging the people to consider that every personal sacrifice is but a contribution to the nation's welfare and to its very existence, and exhorts them to bear patiently the terrible price to be paid. That the price has only just begun to be exacted, it also admits. The note of confidence in eventual success is, of course, still there, but it is not

quite so certain and confident as before. The terrible casualty lists, with their record that whole battalions have been wiped out, though telling a story of unsurpassed bravery, are beginning plainly to affect the German public as needs they must.

Writing about the great German victory in Lorraine in August, about which we on this side of the water heard so little, Field-Marshal von der Goltz speaks with extraordinary frankness in this time of military secrecy. The victory, he says, was quite surprising to the Germans, who were enormously aided by their minute knowledge of the country, which has long been a favorite place for manœuvres. The Germans, he says, were very much puzzled by the French taking the offensive instead of following their old policy of sticking to the lines of the forts and letting the Germans pound themselves to pieces against them. The purpose of it we now know to have been largely political; the Field-Marshal thought it part of the general campaign undertaken with a view to affecting the field of battle in Belgium. Comparing this battle with the conduct and military ability of the French in 1870, he noted a marked advance in efficiency, despite the lack of success, and he rejoiced that the enemy was a more dangerous one. "An efficient enemy does not frighten us," is his phrase. Finally, it is interesting to note that this veteran, who has been serving in the German and Turkish armies since 1861, declares that it is no longer possible, in view of the masses of men engaged, to throw large reinforcements from one endangered point of a line to another during a battle.

All the news from South Africa, since the first announcement of Col. Maritz's rebellion, has indicated that the trouble is likely to be far less serious than at first seemed possible. It is stated that Gen. Hertzog, who has been one of Gen. Botha's bitterest opponents, has placed his services at the Premier's disposal. Since no concealment was made in the early dispatches of the gravity of the situation presented by the outbreak of armed hostility to Britain in the former Boer republics, there is no reason to doubt the correctness of this encouraging intelligence. As to the number of Col. Maritz's men in the field, which has been reported as only five hundred, this of course may be a mistake. But it seems clear that the number is not great; and a victory over a part of his little army is already reported in the dispatches. But, whatever the future development of the difficulty may be, nothing is

more certain than that the position of Britain in South Africa owes its strength at the present world-crisis to the course pursued by her in winning the confidence and friendship of the Boer nation by conduct that was not only magnanimous, but was dictated by a regard for the fundamental principles of the government of free peoples. Had it not been for this, all South Africa would at this moment be aflame with sedition.

But for the war, the trial at Sarajevo of twenty-five men for the murder of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, which indirectly caused the war, would have attracted the keenest interest. It will be easy to show a connection between the crime and the race feeling of the Servians. But this will be far from proving that Servian officials were in the plot to assassinate the heir presumptive. In a virtual attempt to indict a nation for a murder, therefore, Austria has a difficult task. As to the ultimate responsibility of Serbia for the Pan-Servian propaganda, the former Servian Minister to England has just written frankly in the *London Outlook*. The Bosnian feeling, he says, was absolutely spontaneous. Of course, in Serbia, "with the full liberty of the press, rights of public meetings, and of associations, there was not wanting agitation for the political union of all the Servian and Croatian people." But veiled as this was, it was hard to attack legally; and it did not create, it only encouraged, sentiment to the north. Whatever light the trial can throw upon all this, will be welcomed by the impartial all over the world.

We cannot believe that the frantic appeals of the Navy League for more ships and men, and Congressman Gardner's demand for an inquiry as to our military helplessness, are going to find a substantial echo from the common people of this country. The spectacle of all Europe in flames is not, in our judgment, going to induce the Americans to squander more millions annually for military purposes, and the burden of extra taxes already called for by the war ought still further to cool those who can see nothing in this but a call to arms, that we may cripple our resources further by military burdens. Rather, recognizing the splendid moral position in which this country finds itself to-day, due in no wise to our fleet or troops, and the prospect that we shall be able profoundly to influence the peace in the direction of disarmament, we do not recall a single argument of moment in any newspaper to the effect that the European war calls upon us to go and do likewise. For-

tunately, as Mr. Wilson proves by his withering reference to Congressman Gardner's alarms as "good mental exercise," he does not propose to be stampeded by a war-scare of the type that has been going on since he was "a boy of ten." What could not the United States do to-day to succor the injured and restore downtrodden Belgium were it to decide to vote no new battleships next year, but to devote the sum that the two authorized this year will cost—about \$24,000,000—to the humanitarian work!

President Wilson's letter in praise of the work of Congress, during its record-breaking session, necessarily goes over familiar ground. Yet his literary skill enables him to give his presentation an air of freshness. He frankly makes his appeal one for his party, declaring that the Democratic organization is at present the only instrument which the country can use effectively to get done what it wants done at Washington. It would be hard to gainsay this. A time-honored Republican argument has been that, with the Senate and the Executive secure for one party during two years to come, it would be folly to turn over the House to the other party. The result could be only working at cross-purposes with nothing accomplished. This is, in effect, the argument which President Wilson now employs in asking the voters to elect next month a House in sympathy with the Administration. Republicans will not, of course, be deterred by any mere dread of inconsistency from affirming that this is wholly unsound; but the fact remains that they held it a perfectly sound appeal when Republican Presidents used it. Another of their chickens coming home to roost they may detect in Mr. Wilson's warning against "turning back the hands of the clock." Col. Roosevelt might almost allege this to be an infringement of his own patent. The clock, however, has a way of keeping on striking the hour, whether parties or leaders come or go.

None of the amendments with which the Republicans tried to hamper the Philippines bill had any effect in preventing its passage by a large majority. Friends of the measure derive particular gratification from the defeat, without debate or roll-call, of the most important proposal, that of Representative Towner of Iowa. It would have exempted from the bill the territory occupied by "the Moros, or other non-Christian tribes," and would have permitted these peoples to main-

tain their tribal organization under the supervision of a new Philippine Commission appointed in Washington. It is true that the Moros, whose rebellion in Sulu in 1913 is still remembered, constitute from social and governmental points of view a peculiar problem; but it is a problem which can be solved at least as well by their fellow-Filipinos as by Americans. The essential purpose of the Jones bill is to give to the Philippine Legislature, preponderantly native in both branches, full legislative powers throughout the islands on matters not affecting tariff, currency, and public lands, under the restriction of Congressional veto; and there is no reason for suddenly limiting these powers to a portion of the archipelago. The bill in its present form, carried into effect with the coöperation of Governor-General Harrison, should give the people the fullest possible experience in handling their own affairs.

A frightful disclosure of turpitude is that which the Republican Congressional Committee has been making. Who would have thought that President Wilson's real motive in bringing about the repeal of the Panama tolls-exemption clause was to get money for the Democratic Congressional campaign fund? But this is what these Republican Sherlock Holmeses have found out. It appears that Andrew Carnegie and his Peace Foundation, and James J. Hill and his Pacific railways, and Woodrow Wilson with the power of the Presidency in his hands—that these three deliberately got together and sandbagged the exemptions clause; and that Wilson's share of the swag is to be the financing of the Democratic campaign for the control of the next Congress. The gentlemen who put forward this story appear to have been so sure that it would strike everybody as the most likely thing in the world that anything like proof was quite unnecessary. But of fine mouth-filling phrases there is no lack. "So it was that a common cause was made between President Wilson and these two foremost representatives of the predatory interests"—that does very well; and so also does this: "Free tolls went down to defeat amid the unsuppressed exultation of the Hills and the Carnegies." The thing is more absurd than it is amusing; and yet we indulge the hope that, if it accomplishes nothing else, it will afford the President a moment's merriment in these sombre days.

In his address on Tuesday as president of the American Bar Association, Mr. Taft took

the usual wide survey of public events and current legislation. His references to the European war were mainly for the sake of giving high praise to President Wilson, whose course had been such as not to "sacrifice and destroy the great leverage for successful mediation" which this country may yet be able to exercise. The item of Congressional law-making upon which Mr. Taft chiefly dwells is the Clayton bill. His verdict upon it, as a whole, is not unfavorable; though, as regards the labor-exemption clauses, far as they are from going the dangerous lengths first demanded, he remarks that they are almost certain to disappoint the extremists, while throwing new burdens upon the courts. Naturally, the former judge and President dwells with satisfaction upon the dying out of the agitation for the recall of judicial decisions. This even leads him into a witticism. Observing that these "unwise and dangerous proposals" were "incorporated in the platform of the Progressive party," he adds:

The leader of that party has felt called upon to declare that they were the rock upon which it was founded, and were essential to the efficacy of every other one of the reforms which the platform of the party set forth and advocated. It would appear that the party which fathered these proposals now finds that, instead of being the rock on which it is founded, it is, to change the metaphor, the rock on which it founders.

This ought to prompt another of those letters of the Colonel to "Dear Bill."

Without prejudging the case which the railways presented on Monday to the Interstate Commerce Commission, in their request for an authorization of certain increases in rates, it is fair to point out two important considerations. A question asked by one Commissioner was whether the railway business, confessedly hard hit by the war, was to be treated differently from other forms of business. Why should not transportation companies take their medicine like other people? But other corporations are protecting their stockholders and their creditors, so far as they can, by raising prices. The railways are not allowed to do this. That is the reason why they have to apply to the Commission for permission to do what other business men can do, so far as the state of trade admits, on their own motion. Another argument put forward by the railways is even more powerful. When the Commission, in its decision of last July, granted the railways some slight increases in rates, it justified its refusal of the entire 5 per cent. on the ground that financial conditions

were improving. It conceded that "during the world-wide financial stringency prevailing in 1913, the railroads . . . found it difficult to secure loans, however good the security"; but it added that, "with the growing ease in the money markets, this difficulty has largely disappeared." If this was true at the time, it notoriously is not so today. It would appear, therefore, that the railways have a right to appeal strongly to the Commission on the basis of its own admissions in July. Then it thought that there was "little foundation" for the view that the railways would "encounter great difficulty in renewing their maturing short-term notes and other obligations unless investors were assured that the carriers' revenues would be increased immediately." At present, the foundation for that view is manifest to all.

Full of unusual things as the *Congressional Record* is wont to be, even the date-line prefacing its contents has lately invited special attention. That for the issue of Monday, October 5, 1914, for example, immediately above the record for the Senate, reads: "Legislative day of Monday, September 28, 1914." By going a little further back, the attentive reader will notice that the legislative day of September 5 actually lasted until September 15, when Senator Burton forced an adjournment. The explanation is that the Senate leaders, to hasten legislation, have adopted the practice of recessing for day after day; thus eliminating the chaplain's prayer, the reading of the journal, and the introduction of petitions, memorials, and general resolutions. The saving is not inconsiderable, for the "morning hour" has sometimes lasted well after noon. In other small matters the Senate has adopted cuts which should shame the Representatives, as in the old practice of obtaining a quorum by counting as present members who are absent but paired. In the lower body expedition will wait, in some directions, upon the long-agitated use of electric devices for voting and for answering the roll-call by simply pushing a button. The present roll-call consumes thirty-five to forty minutes when the title "Mr." is used before each name, and twenty-five whenever it is not. For certain of these time-saving devices arrangements have long since been made, and the forthcoming adjournment until December should permit of their installation.

La Follette is vigorously supporting for Governor of Wisconsin, not the winner in

the Republican primary, but an independent candidate. This seems an anomalous position for the father of the direct primary, and the Senator perceives that an explanation is due from him. His explanation is twofold. In the first place, "the reactionaries of the two old parties have secured control on a fluke," the fluke being, presumably, the failure of the voters to exercise their right of second choice, which allowed the standpat candidate to win over a divided Progressive vote. But the portion of the explanation which will go home is that the primary nominee "has openly boasted of his repudiation of the direct primary ever since it became a law," and "has persistently refused to support Progressive Republican candidates nominated by overwhelming majorities." In politics, what your opponent does is lawful for you to do. Atrocity may be met by atrocity. Still, La Follette must realize that any such argument weakens the sacredness of the primary as he has preached it. His position emphasizes the truth, so hard for some of our political reformers to accept, that no mechanism is final; in the last resort, appeal must be made to the voter to do what the best machinery can only make more convenient for him.

The economic side of the probation system is emphasized in a report issued by the Civic Federation of Chicago. Year before last, the earnings of adult probationers in Cook County amounted to \$540,000, and the amount of restitution made by them was something more than \$20,000. Last year, their earnings were more than triple those named, the amount of restitution being \$33,000. On the moral side of the system, the report is equally commendatory, pointing out the advantage of the opportunity for reestablishing one's self without undergoing the stigma that imprisonment inevitably means. One defect is mentioned in the operation of the probation arrangements. "There have been instances," says the report, "where overworked judges have been prevailed upon to release prisoners on probation who are old offenders and should have been sent to prison. Such abuses are a menace to public safety, inadvertent though they be." A system that has resulted in a saving of well over two millions of dollars in two years would seem to deserve the expenditure of a few thousand dollars for additional judges in order to render it still more profitable, morally as well as financially.

That race prejudice should go so far as to prevent the sale of a white church to colored people because it is in "too good a district" seems almost incredible; yet it has actually done so in Richmond. The Immanuel Baptist Church had sold its property to colored people, apparently in the belief that no place was too good to worship in. But the Common Council knew better, and promptly passed a special ordinance which, if upheld by the courts, will prevent the colored people from carrying on religious observances within the sacred precincts at Fifth and Leigh Streets. Thus we have another deliberate interference with personal liberty of both whites and colored people through special legislation of the most obnoxious kind. We do not know if the black reconstruction Legislatures, to whom the South owes its public-school system, ever did anything like this, but it is easy to imagine how they were portrayed as shamelessly abusing power and authority if they did. What an outcry would rise to high Heaven were colored people to interfere in the slightest degree with the desires of whites! This reaction in Richmond, when it desires to be known as a progressive, up-to-date city, recalls the fact that just now they are quoting in India these words of a distinguished native as a reason for the marked loyalty to Great Britain in its present distress: "When I think of the large negro populations in the United States, as the republican Americans treat and govern them, I thank God that I am a British subject."

That the same American composer should twice in three years win a \$10,000 prize for the best native opera argues well for his work, but may also argue something for the poverty of the competition. It is to be hoped that Professor Parker's "Fairylend" will have more of the elements which make for popular favor and for stage permanence than "Mona," which received the \$10,000 prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1911. The decision of a jury, it has been said with some justice, is a good deal of a lottery; but to men honestly fired by the aspiration to do something for American drama or opera, the fact that such an impartial and competent body, unmoved by many of the commercial motives which appeal to managers, is to pass upon their work, counts for far more than the opportunity of winning a large prize in money.

NEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The cry of suffering and agony that comes to us from across the ocean finds us in a condition in which the needs of our own humane and charitable works are unusually pressing, and in which the resources for meeting those needs are materially impaired. In this state of things, it is not surprising that in one quarter and another voices are raised in protest against sending to the stricken peoples of Europe funds that might be applied to the relief of poverty at home or to the maintenance of those permanent works of social betterment which depend for their support on private generosity.

With the solicitude lest our own poor should be neglected, lest we fail in our duty to the thousands thrown out of employment through no fault of their own, lest injury may come to activities directed to the welfare of large classes and dependent for their effectiveness upon continuous maintenance—with this we are in the heartiest sympathy. Every person of right instincts should feel that whatever he has been contributing for charitable and humane work at home in past years, he must do that and more at a time of trial like the present. If he has to cut down his expenses, let him cut down first those which relate to his own indulgences and luxuries; let him reserve to the last that parsimony which consists in stinting the dole he has been in the habit of giving to those infinitely less fortunate than himself, and now in more need than ever. But to say that everybody should give at home as much as he has been in the habit of giving, and more, is a very different thing from saying that in order to give at home he should harden his heart or shut his mind to the appeal of unspeakable distress and desolation from across the sea. To fail in sending to the desolated sufferers in Europe, and especially in Belgium, contributions on a scale in some degree corresponding to our wealth, our luxury, our vast expenditure for selfish indulgences, would be a disgrace. To recommend that we should so fail is to offend against an instinct of compassion that will not be gainsaid.

Moreover, we do not believe that, as a matter of fact, the giving to the war-stricken sufferers of Europe does interfere in any perceptible degree with the giving at home. While we are piling up those funds with a fair degree of rapidity, the whole number of contributors to them is not very great. What is interfering with the collection of money needed by the various charitable enterprises and associations at home is a wholly differ-

ent thing. The state of business, actual or prospective stoppage of dividends, inability to collect debts—such are the causes that really operate on a large scale to check the customary flow of giving. It is not because a man has given to the Belgian fund, but because he doesn't know what his investments are worth, or because his business has ceased to yield its usual income, that he thinks of holding back his customary aid to this or that good work. And it is to this disposition that exhortations not to fail in the duty of the hour should be addressed. The feeling is easy to understand, but it is none the less wrong. There are, of course, a certain number of cases in which losses are so serious as to amount to positive embarrassment; but as a rule the rich are still rich, the well-to-do still well-to-do, the comfortable still comfortable; and each and all—with the exception already noted—can, if they only choose, keep up their usual charitable donations, and even increase them, without suffering. It is merely a little imagination, a little realization of the true proportion of things, that is necessary. Aside from an extremely small number of persons, what people usually give is not in any true sense a sacrifice at all; and if at the present time the giving should assume somewhat of that character, is that any more than the occasion calls for? It ought to be a source of gratification to every right-minded man that, when the needs of the poor and unfortunate, in a time of extraordinary trial, demanded that he make something of an inroad on his own satisfactions, he did not hesitate to do that simple duty.

What well-to-do Americans are called upon to do is at best but an insignificant fraction of what would be demanded if we were ourselves at war. Millions in Europe are starving or homeless, hundreds of thousands of our own people are suffering from unemployment, and our permanent charitable and humane enterprises are having a hard time keeping up their sorely needed work. The spirit the time demands is one of generosity and large-mindedness and unselfishness. The question is not to which we shall give, but how much we shall give. Don't rob Peter to pay Paul; go down into your own pocket and pay both—even if it costs an effort, even if the pocket is not so full as usual. The need is exceptional, extraordinary, of a kind that comes only when the world is under the pall of a great calamity. Don't go about as though nothing of the kind existed; don't insist that because you have been hurt a little you cannot afford to do anything for those

who have been struck down. Give to those causes which most appeal to you. But above all give generously; that is the one thing needful. If this spirit should spread as it ought to, there will be no need to trouble overmuch as to the particular allotment of the gifts.

THE WAR AND CREDULITY.

The chief duty of Americans, while the war in Europe is going on, has been many times said to be that of observing strict neutrality. In a public way, and officially, this may be true. But so far as the attitude of private citizens is concerned, there are other duties which come first. One of these is to preserve our intellectual integrity; to form our judgments on the basis of ascertained fact and reasonable probability; not to take rumor for proof; and, in general, to keep our heads at a time when it is so easy to let them be blown off our shoulders. Among the evil effects of the war has been a great temporary heightening of human credulity. Men are found to believe anything. Trifles light as air are retailed as if they were proofs from Holy Writ.

In regard to both the origin and the conduct of the war an immense mass of contradictory reports and assertions has been put before the public. It should have been subjected to tests of evidential values. Scraps torn from their context should have been put back in their rightful place. Gossip should not have been taken as the equivalent of testimony under oath and subject to cross-examination. Evidence at second or third hand should not have been put on the level of affidavits by eye-witnesses. Yet we all know how far these merely ordinary rules of caution in coming to a verdict have been disregarded. Nor is it simply the unthinking newspaper-reading public that has shown itself credulous in the extreme. Public men, clergymen, university professors have gulped down incredible stories. In fact, a large part of the controversy provoked by the war has been on the basis of unproved allegations or statements which could easily be shown to be false—on matter, that is, which in a court of justice would speedily be ruled out as irrelevant or unsupported. With the great war debate raging all over the world, there is nobody to hold the disputants to facts and logic, or to tell them that they will not be heard unless they confine themselves to the law and the testimony.

In consequence of the resulting confusion, all kinds of sudden discoveries or revelations of supposed secrets get, not only a hear-

ing, but acceptance as conclusive proofs of who and what caused the war. Anybody who has heard something or seen something which he regards as highly significant brings it forward. For example, we are just now in receipt of a letter from a highly esteemed German correspondent who thinks he has discovered proof that England had decided to declare war on Germany several days before the official action was taken. He was in the Canary Islands at the time, having landed at Teneriffe on July 28. Three days later he found himself in Puerto Oratava, where there is a small English colony. He proceeds with his personal experience:

August 2 was a Sunday. That morning a Scotch lady, stopping at my hotel (there were but very few guests at the time), returned from church in great excitement, and, though our acquaintance was of the slightest, came up to me and said: "You ought to know this, sir. The English Consul has received official notification that England is going to go to war with Germany." I asked her how she knew, and she continued: "The Consul told us just now at church, after the service. There is no doubt about its being so. The English firms here know it since yesterday." I asked her how the firms knew, and she replied: "The Consul told them yesterday morning. Some clerks have already been discharged; everybody feels terribly disheartened. Business here will be ruined," etc. The following day a young Englishman told me he had been working all day Sunday, unloading a partly loaded fruit steamer. When I asked for the reason, he replied: "Why, don't you know we are going to make war on Germany?" On August 6 an English steamship, with some eighty-odd passengers, arrived from Liverpool that had been escorted all the way by a warship. It is a six or seven day voyage.

Here, then, was damning evidence that the English Government had early determined to attack Germany, and had so notified its Consuls in advance! We scarcely need point out that this confident inference by our correspondent is entirely unwarranted, *pace* his excited Scotch lady. All that his evidence shows is that England was doing, what doubtless every other European country was doing at the moment—namely, warning its diplomatic and consular service that there was imminent danger that the peace of Europe might be ruptured. Not to have done so would have been a gross oversight. All the world had known for more than a week—ever since the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, especially after Austria's declaration of war upon Serbia—that the peril of a general war was acute. It was an elementary duty to put Ambassadors and Consuls at a distance on their guard. England did it like all the rest; and this is really all that our German friend discovered in the Canary Islands. What the English Government was actually doing at the time, in the critical

negotiations with Germany and France and Russia, we know from the published official correspondence. Whatever word it sent to Teneriffe, must have fitted in with the word it was sending to Paris and St. Petersburg and Berlin. The really vital witnesses in the case are Sir Edward Grey and the German Chancellor and the Kaiser and the Czar and the various Ambassadors, whose language and attitude at the time we know, not an alarmed Scotch lady in the Canary Islands.

This particular instance is of small importance. It illustrates, however, the tendency we referred to, and to which we see so many yielding. It is partly a romantic tendency. We hate to stick to prosy fact and document. There must be some thrilling mystery, some plot, some stage-villain. It is also, in part, what John Fiske called the myth-making tendency. Plain tales will not do when we can just as well have brilliant fancies. And so we get Sir Valentine Chirol now convinced that the official papers shown to him a few years ago at the German Foreign Office were either garbled or forged. We get also the *Allgemeine Zeitung* with its vague secret Russian dispatches. Now, against all this, it is necessary to maintain a resolutely skeptical attitude. Keeping the mind open does not mean that we must permit our brains to be swept clear of reason by every idle surmise that blows. The war has brought a great rush of many kinds of human weaknesses; but we ought to do our best to prevent it from causing fresh inroads of credulity and superstition.

CLINGING TO WILSON'S COAT-TAILS.

Some rather amusing evidences are given of the way in which Democratic Congressmen, standing for reelection, are depending upon President Wilson to pull them through. One Representative has sent broadcast through his district two letters. The first is a reprint of what the President wrote in September to the Chairman of the Democratic National Congressional Committee, stating that he felt it his duty to refrain from political campaigning, and to "stick to his job" in Washington. With this goes a letter from the Representative himself. In it he explains how his determination to stay in Washington and hold up the President's hands has prevented him from being "among my constituents" as frequently as usual. But he doubts not that they will approve his course. After pointing out the great work which has been done by Congress, he closes with a delightful personal touch:

It is possible that there may be some matters in which you are especially interested that could be adjusted before this session of Congress ends. If there be any, kindly let me know at once, and I shall be pleased to serve you in any way in my power.

All this Democratic unanimity just now in saying ditto to Wilson is a growth of the past three months. Close observers in Washington early in the summer noted many signs of active discontent with the President, if not hostility to him, on the part of Democratic Congressmen. There he was holding them to their work when they wanted to go home. He was insisting upon further legislation in which they had small interest, and for which the country was displaying no enthusiasm. Moreover, business was not good, and the drift was against the party in power. Was there ever such stubbornly mistaken leadership? With such angry questions asked in the committee-rooms of Congress, and with all kinds of muttered dislike of the President given expression in Washington clubs and at dinners, it was only a question of time, so it was thought, when something like an avowed revolt would break out within the party.

Over the spirit of this dream, however, a change came suddenly. Instead of complaining that they were kept so long in the heated capital, Congressmen went in droves to the White House to volunteer staying in session indefinitely. And they began to send messages to their districts, in advance of the primaries, something to this effect: "Of course, boys, I should like to come home and make a square fight for renomination, but so long as the President wants me here, I must stand by him. I am only one Representative, to be sure, and can't do very much, but whatever I can do to help our heroic leader in this great crisis, I am going to do. If my people choose to turn me down for this, that's all right."

Needless to say, these moving appeals were usually successful in helping procure renomination. Equally needless is it to point out the reason for the marked change of heart in many of these Democratic Congressmen. They had seen the President rise to the unexpected and multiplied and severe demands thrust upon him by the war in Europe. They had seen him meet emergency after emergency with rapid but cool decision. Most significant of all, they had noted the way in which the country had shown full and grateful recognition of the high qualities displayed by the President. Why, the man was immensely popular! That was enough for the doubting Congressmen; and they instantly proceeded to hitch their wagons to the Presi-

dential star. It at once became obvious that the whole aspect of the political campaign was changed. The Republican hopes wilted under the Wilson sun. And Democratic managers and speakers began everywhere to make all their efforts appear to be to obtain an electoral endorsement of the President. Even his inveterate enemies among the bosses, like Nugent and Smith in New Jersey, threw up the sponge, and with grave faces aligned themselves with Wilson's supporters.

This remarkable political transformation has naturally left the Republicans a little dazed and uncertain of their tactics. How to attack a President whom everybody is praising? How nicely to discriminate, so that the voters will understand, between the leader of the Democratic party, whom all Republicans are bound to belittle, and the head of the nation in a great crisis, whom all the people are commending? It is a new and puzzling kind of campaigning which the Republicans are called upon to undertake. The old unqualified and swingeing epithets cannot be used. Yet to split hairs 'twixt north and northwest side is a poor way of campaigning. One brilliant diversion has been attempted by a Republican newspaper in Boston. It comes out with round denunciations of the Democrats for seeking to make party capital out of the great services of the President to the nation at a time of European war. The fame thus acquired ought, it appears, to be laid away in amber, as it were, and kept as a thing too precious to be thrown into party conflicts. But the more one looks at this argument the more one fears that it would be received only with laughter by people of ordinary sense. They will be apt to say that if they are asked to pass upon the President, they are entitled to take him for all that he is and has done; not to cast their votes thinking only of those things in him which the Republicans do not like.

THE CHURCH AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

There are peculiar reasons why Brown University's celebration of 150 years of full life invites a survey of the course of denominational education in America. Of the half-dozen colleges founded in America before the Revolution, Brown was the one most closely connected with wide ecclesiastical influences. Harvard was primarily the child of Boston, Kings of New York, Pennsylvania of Philadelphia; Princeton's charter of 1748 contained no denomina-

tional stipulations. Brown, however, while gaining a local impulse from the previous residence at Newport of the great Bishop Berkeley, was founded on Baptist endeavors which stretched from Massachusetts to South Carolina. The first step was taken in 1762 by the Baptist Association of Philadelphia; and support came from the Baptists of both Old and New Worlds. Brown University, moreover, may still be held to retain more of her ecclesiastical ties than her contemporaries; her presidents have all been ministers of the Baptist Church, and a majority of the trustees must also belong to that denomination. A university which has grown until its graduates number nearly 8,000; which has given the country laymen like Horace Mann, John Hay, Richard Olney, and Charles E. Hughes, and which is no more connected in the popular mind with any denomination than is the Baptist-founded University of Chicago, still looks with gratitude to the influences which established and nourished it.

In the history of Brown University, again, there is much that is typical of all the more important of the other colleges founded by church action. To those with no special knowledge of the subject, the number of our half-thousand institutions thus founded will be surprising. In the East, and especially the East before 1850, the influence of the churches is recognized. The great majority of the colleges were religious in origin. Yet in the South the record is as striking. By the middle of the century the Presbyterians could list Hampden-Sidney, Davidson, Erskine, Oglethorpe, and Center; the Baptists, Richmond, Wake Forest, Furman, Mercer, Howard, and Union; the Methodists, Randolph-Macon, Emory of Virginia, Henry, Trinity, Le Grange, and Emory of Georgia. In the West peculiar reasons made all the early colleges of Illinois and most of those of Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan religious; the people were poor, the populations diverse, materialism was rampant, and culture was best represented by theologians from the East who could obtain funds from the older States. Western Reserve was Presbyterian; Oberlin originated in a movement lamenting the "degeneracy of the church"; Marietta, Northwestern, and many more were denominational. Until the rise of the State Universities, they alone educated the people. And in virtually all of those which underwent any growth the tendency has been the same as at Brown.

The decay of the denominational impulse

which might have been expected to persist in schools like Kenyon, or De Pauw, or Wabash, or Grinnell, or Dartmouth, if not in larger ones, was inevitable, and was often contemplated by the churches. Such schools were their offering to humanism and culture; they had no desire to keep them in leading strings. The purpose behind them was an enthusiastic motive of social betterment rather than one narrowly religious and sectarian. It must be pointed out, however, that in the country at large a great change in public opinion accompanied the growth of many colleges into a broader, freer air, and the rapid eclipse of others which refused to expand. General sentiment, the educator, Dr. J. M. Sturtevant, remarks in his autobiography, was once "almost unanimous in favor of entrusting the higher education to institutions established and controlled by religious people, rather than to those founded and governed by any political body." Against this sentiment militated the natural growth of the broadly social purpose of the larger colleges; the weakening of orthodoxy during the mid-century, and the patent failure of some colleges dominated by sectarian rivalries. Had the Christian bodies united, they might frequently have perpetuated large institutions primarily religious in foundation. But "after a time intelligent men, seeing the denominations entirely incapable of uniting," began to turn to institutions secularly endowed, or towards the State, "as the only hope for great and well-equipped seats of learning."

In some sections are still found colleges whose main excuse for being is their sectarian connection; they draw their support from it, and sometimes hide academic deficiencies under propagation of religious doctrine. In many such colleges the narrowness of the denominational connection is gradually being sloughed off. The process is, of course, one to be carried through in proper spirit. "Primarily," remarks President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation, "the college authorities ought to face fairly the question, 'What does our denominational connection mean to us?' If it means a real gain to the spiritual and intellectual life of the college, . . . the inquiry can go no further." But the real goal of the college is that which Brown set for itself at the start, in its charter declaration—the hope to form "the rising generation to virtue, knowledge, and useful literature"; to be attained by cherishing full and absolute freedom of conscience.

Chronicle of the War

It has become almost a commonplace to remark that the most notable feature of this war is the absence of definite victories or defeats. There have been plenty of actions on a large scale which in other wars would have been of sufficient importance to hasten measurably a definite issue to the campaign. These have been fought and won, or lost, but in relation to the whole campaign their importance has been almost insignificant. The Russians are defeated at Tannenberg, the Germans at Augustowo, the Austrians in Galicia, on a scale comparable to Waterloo; yet these are but skirmishes on the flanks of the great line of battle. We must speak in terms not of battles, but of campaigns; no subdivision can properly be made.

When, therefore, we read that the battle of the Aisne may be considered as ended and another battle in Flanders begun, we know that this is merely a convenient fashion of speaking to emphasize the fact that we have entered on a new phase of the campaign. The battle of the Aisne is obviously not terminated, because fighting is still in progress along this line, and neither side has gained a definite advantage. What is meant is that the centre of interest has shifted from the operations on the Aisne to those in Flanders. Only by a distortion of the meaning of words can it be held that the battle of the Aisne has resulted in victory for the Allies, but it has resulted in a change of the German strategical plan. The beginning of the siege of Antwerp may be considered to have marked the abandonment of the plan for a direct march on Paris. That was checked by the Allies' resumption of the offensive at the Marne and by the failure of the German offence on the Aisne. An alternative plan, then, had to be evolved. The objective is still Paris, but the route is down the coast of Belgium and northern France, to Havre and Rouen, and thence eastward up the valley of the Seine to the capital.

In its initial stages, as we saw last week, the German plan prospered. Antwerp was reduced in a surprisingly short time; a considerable portion of the Belgian army and a fair sprinkling of the British reinforcements which had been sent, as we must think by a mistake in judgment, to its assistance, were put out of action; the rest of the defending forces made good their escape only by forced marches and after a harassing retreat; the besieging army, consisting, at a conservative estimate, of between two and three army corps, was freed for service on the main line of battle. Bruges was occupied on October 14 and German troops marched without resistance into Ostend on the following day. The triumphant progress down the coast had begun; Dunkirk was to go next, then Calais. Not only would the German hosts be well advanced on their circuitous route to Paris, but from the port in which England has always retained an almost proprietary interest they could look across the Channel and glimpse the terrain of the most hated of their enemies.

That plan seems, for the present at any rate, to have been checked, but it was well conceived and how nearly it came to succeeding has only been made known since the danger was averted. Last week there was

a noticeable tightening in the censorship, veiling the efforts that were being made to cut off the Belgian forces and the new British army (at the numbers and quality of which we can still only guess) on the northern coast. A dash for Calais was apparently made from Lille, and the Allied lines were forced back as far as St. Omer, twenty-five miles east of Calais. Could the attack have been pressed home to the coast city the capture of the British and Belgian forces in the Northwest must have ensued. At St. Omer, however, the line held and, the dash having been checked, the weight of numbers told. The German offensive from Lille was forced back a distance of thirty miles to Armentières and virtually on its base. The Belgian army along the Yser, from Nieuport, on the coast, ten miles south of Ostend, to Dixmude, ten miles to the southeast, also held, and was able to join with the British at Ypres and Armentières. These two armies have now linked up with the main Allied army and form its left wing, while an extension of the left is afforded by British battleships which are coöperating with the land forces. The line, then, may be imagined as extending almost due north and south, from Nieuport to Arras, and thence again due south to the point where it bends eastward at Noyon. There is a bend, however, in the north represented by the triangle Dixmude, Ypres, Roulers. The Belgians are reported to have reached this last place, and the position would seem to indicate an effort on the part of the Allies to drive a wedge through the German right cutting off the forces around Bruges and Ostend.

During the past week the right wing of the Allies has emerged from the comparative obscurity in which it has been shrouded and we hear of interesting operations around Verdun and in Alsace. Even Metz has come into the news, and reports from Paris on Friday stated that the French held the road from Nancy to Pagny, on the Lorraine frontier, about twelve miles from Metz. The Germans still hold St. Mihiel, but slight French gains in that region have been reported day by day. The constant failure of German attacks on Verdun seems curious by comparison with their success against other equally well fortified positions. The explanation probably is that this eastern barrier of fortresses has been held throughout the war by the French in enormous force. If reinforcements were required on the left, it was not from here that they were taken; evidently Gen. Joffre has regarded the impregnability of this line as a vital matter in his campaign. At the same time there is a strong presumption, from the fact that the Germans have here apparently been for some time acting entirely on the defensive, that their forces have been weakened to some extent in order that reinforcements might be sent to the west. The French appear now to have assumed a vigorous offensive in this region as well as in Alsace, and it is possible that before long the centre of interest may be shifted from the left of their line to the right. In Alsace they are well over the border, occupying Thann in the south, and a line between Le Bonhomme and Sulzern further to the north.

Since the sinking of the three British cruisers, Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogue, by a German submarine, on September 22 there has been but little to record of naval operations.

The past week, however, has been an exciting one at sea. On October 16 the cruisers Theseus and Hawke, on patrol duty in the North Sea, were attacked by a German submarine. The Theseus escaped, but the Hawke was sunk, with a loss of life estimated at 327 officers and men. In conformity with the orders of the Admiralty, after the disaster to the three other cruisers, no attempt was made by the Theseus to rescue the crew of her sister ship. The Hawke makes the fifth British warship lost by submarine attack.

The news of the disaster appears to have been the signal in England for a renewal of the outburst of protest against the "inactivity" of the fleet which greeted the former disaster. That there should be a feeling of irritation at the inability of the ships under the command of Sir John Jellicoe to execute to the letter the orders with which they were sent forth, to "capture or destroy the enemy," is perhaps understandable, but it is nevertheless in the highest degree illogical. The service which the fleet has so far performed has not been of that picturesque quality which appeals to the imagination, but it has been a very vital service for the welfare of England and it is difficult to see what else the fleet could have done. Clearly, to rush into the Kiel Canal and make an heroic attack on the German fleet in its home waters would be merely suicidal. As things are, except for guerrilla attacks by submarines, the German fleet has been rendered virtually non-existent and the seas have been kept open to English commerce and closed to German. The fact that Englishmen are able to eat three square meals a day is due almost entirely to that nerve-racking, silent watch which their ships are keeping in the North Sea.

The British fleet rather more than evened up its account with the German, and possibly did something to appease public opinion at home, by sinking four German destroyers off the Dutch coast on October 17. The British ships engaged in this action were a cruiser and four torpedo-boat destroyers, and the Admiralty's announcement of the British loss in the engagement was one officer and four men wounded. Even allowing for the numerical superiority of the British, the result of this, as of other engagements that have taken place in the open, clearly demonstrates the greater efficiency of British sailors in gunnery. That the German destroyers should have been able to inflict virtually no damage at all on the enemy is rather astonishing.

Dispatches from the eastern area of fighting have been meagre and, as usual, somewhat contradictory. They enable us, however, to gain a fair idea of the development of the situation and the alignment of the armies. The report which we accepted last week, that Przemyśl had been relieved, turns out to have been inaccurate. The fortress is still besieged and has been desperately assaulted, but is holding out. The great battle along the East Prussian frontier and from there following the course of the Vistula and the San Rivers into Galicia is still in its preliminary stages. The German plan obviously requires that they shall obtain a decisive victory here before the hard winter sets in. Troops would then be released for service in the west, where through the milder winter of France operations may be continued without serious handicap.

Foreign Correspondence

GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND—"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON"—COMMANDEERING HUNTERS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 10.

The outbreak of the war was accompanied by active proceedings taken by the police against the horde of spies in a variety of disguises living in this country on the pay of an avowedly friendly Power. They were promptly and sharply dealt with. The cleverest, most highly placed, and therefore most valuable spy remains at large. During his frequent visits to this country the Kaiser, treated as an honored guest, enjoyed exceptionally full opportunity of spying out the land. Military manœuvres arranged for his pleasure enabled him with trained eye to gauge the value of the forces. Naval reviews were organized in the same lavish manner. He is not the kind of man to have missed or minimized opportunities thus generously thrust upon him.

I happen to have been a witness of his methods on such occasions. In 1889, during one of his visits to this country, a great naval review at Spithead was arranged in his honor. Among the mammoth liners drawn to the scene was the Teutonic, crowded with a distinguished company, the guests of Thomas Ismay, chairman of the White Star Line. On the morning of the second day of the review the Kaiser, escorted by the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, came aboard and was conducted by Mr. Ismay over the great ship about to make her maiden trip across the Atlantic. The Teutonic was one of the first passenger boats built under Admiralty regulations with the intention of being turned into swift armed cruisers in time of war. A few quick-firing guns were already placed in position about her decks. I chanced to be standing near one of these when the Kaiser in the course of inspection came by. His eye lighting on the gun, he abruptly stopped and made close inspection of the novel arm. As he turned away he, speaking in English, sharply said to one of his suite, "We must have some of those, and quickly too."

"The Lights o' London," which in mid-Victorian times effectually flashed on the stage, are just now turned depressingly low. A native returning home after three months' absence, ignorant of what had happened in the interval, would, taking an after-dinner walk down Fleet Street or other thoroughfares, come to the conclusion that something had gone wrong with the electric lights. We have not yet got back into the stage of the oil lamp which appropriately illuminated London when George III was King. But the appearance of familiar ways is just now reminiscent of what we lived through when gas was our sole illuminating power, and the managers of the gas companies had not yet been wakened up by the discovery of electric light to the necessity of bestirring themselves if they were to hold their own against the newcomers.

A month ago the Home Secretary, under powers conferred upon him by the Defence of the Realm Regulations, ordered a lowering of

the lights in all the streets. This week the order has been enforced with greatly increased severity. The inside lighting of shop windows is ruthlessly lessened. In all the principal streets and on the river bridges, formerly flambeaux of brilliant lighting, the continuity of illumination is broken up by here and there extinguishing groups of lamps. The electric light flaring on lofty buildings, bold advertisement of whiskey, tea, coffee, and other articles of domestic commerce, no longer illuminates the banks of the river or the public thoroughfares. This precaution against the German habit of dropping bombs on defenceless masses of population has extended to towns on the seacoast. At all the principal watering places along the English Channel notices have been served upon householders and shopkeepers directing them to show as little light as possible in rooms which face the sea. Doubtless the same order prevails in towns and hamlets on the East Coast of England.

This enforced dwelling in semi-darkness is only one of the minor discomforts in private life arising out of the war. Another was brought under my notice while I was paying a week-end visit to a friend in Kent. He is (or was) a mighty hunter, the chief pride of his far-reaching estate in the loveliest district in the county being his stables. Here, regardless of expense, he homed a stud it would be hard to beat. They were the pride of his life, next to his children his most cherished possession. He told me that within twenty-four hours of the declaration of war he was waited upon by an officer of the Government who commandeered half his stud. Their money value per head was at least £500. "Out of the eight," said the sorrowing master with something suspiciously like tears in his eyes, "there were six I would not have been tempted to sell by an offer of £1,000 each. They gave me £280 for the four, £70 a head, being the maximum price allowed by the War Office. That I didn't mind. But they took away my horses, my daily companions who would feed out of my hand and turned round when I entered the stables to look at me with big, loving eyes." This was bad enough. But four days later the emissary of the War Office paid a second visit and carried off on the same terms the remainder of the stud.

It is obvious from the promptitude with which this individual case was dealt with that in the archives of the War Office were documents in which the possession of every man in town or country owning horses was carefully scheduled. At the time of the Boer War the Government had a useful resource in the stables of the London General Omnibus Company. At a small fee per head the horses were registered, and when war broke out the War Office exercised the option of purchasing them at a sum considerably less than my friend's hunters fetched. It was a well-worn joke in South Africa, happily varying the monotony of ill-luck inevitably following on faulty administration, that the only way to get a trooper's horse to start was to ring a bell in closest possible imitation of the omnibus signal to resume an interrupted journey. At the time Lord Kitchener reached the War Office the omnibus horse in London, as in other centres of big population, was a thing of the past. He, however, found an admirable substitute in motor cars, which have been commandeered as cheerily as if they had four legs instead of as many wheels.

ITALY AND THE EUROPEAN WAR—A PRESENTATION OF THE CASE FOR INTERVENTION.

ROME, September 29.

Italy's position in the Triple Alliance has for long been a source of anxiety to her most thoughtful and patriotic sons. Few will deny that when it was first made, in 1882, and for many years afterwards, it was a useful safeguard against France, then an outspoken malevolent neighbor; that it helped by maintaining the balance of power to secure for a while the peace of Europe, and that especially it enabled Italy to live as an ally in peace with her enemy, Austria. But from the beginning there was a cardinal weakness in this compact from the Italian point of view, in that it gave Italy no security in the Mediterranean. Italians have always, and justly, looked upon England as their friend, and when relations with France began to improve their statesmen were not slow to perceive the necessity of a good and permanent understanding with the two great Mediterranean Powers. Prinetti, as Foreign Minister from 1900 to 1903, came to terms with France and England in regard to Italy's predominating interests in Tripoli quite independently of Germany and Austria. And it will be remembered that at the Conference of Algieras, in the spring of 1906, Italy's influence was thrown against Germany in favor of England and France.

The growing disfavor in which the Triple Alliance came to be held was strikingly revealed when it was last renewed in November of 1912, nearly two years before it would have expired by limitation. The most authoritative journals in Italy, beginning with the most authoritative of them all, the *Corriere della Sera*, of Milan, were unanimous in condemning so premature and dangerous an hypothecating of Italian interests. Even professed triplicists could show no good reason, from the Italian point of view, why the treaty should have been renewed so long before its term. There can be little doubt that Germany and Austria took advantage of the feeble and supine policy of Giolitti, the Premier, and of di San Giuliano, the Foreign Minister, to renew the compact in their own interests for fear that a later and stronger ministry might raise difficulties.* The immediate reason why they precipitated matters at that particular time was easily divined from the announcement, a few days after the publication of the new alliance, of the success of the Austrian loan. International bankers were evidently unwilling to finance this, in the weak economic condition of Austria then, as now, existing, unless the security of the Dual Monarchy were guaranteed for the term of the loan.

The subsequent conduct of Austria only served to increase the strength of this feeling against an outworn compact thus uselessly and prematurely renewed. Every one knows that the policy of the late Archduke Ferdinand was pro-Slavic even to the point of alienating many Germans. As against the Italian subjects of the monarchy, this policy became a systematic persecution. Within a year, that is, in the summer of 1913, Prince Hohenlöhe, the Governor of Trieste, issued an edict dismissing all Italian subjects em-

*The "Carthage" and "Manouba" incident, which may be called the Trent Affair of the Italo-Turkish War, and in which President, then Premier, Poincaré was much to blame, had just aroused some of the old animosity between Italy and France, and made it easier for Germany and Austria to accomplish their design.

ployed in the public services. Thus many hundreds were thrown out of work, for whom patriotic and charitable societies in Italy undertook to find relief and employment. Intense indignation pervaded the whole country, which steadily grew as the investigations of Italian journalists revealed Hohenlôhe's act as only a part, and not the most important part, of a deeply laid scheme of persecution. Of this I will merely say, without going into details, that it was obviously contrived to make an Italian country impossible for Italians to live in, and to throw it into the hands of Croats and Slavs.

This state of things lasted until the outbreak of the war, when all of a sudden Prince Hohenlôhe saw a great light. Having found himself, it should be observed, under the painful necessity of hanging some of his anti-Italian Slavic agents for complicity in the Serajevo murder, he forthwith proclaimed that Italians were bound by every consideration of sympathy and interest to ally themselves with the Germans and Austrians in a holy war against the Slav. The effect of this announcement upon the Italian public, as well as that of some loud, and unprecedented, *evvivas* for Italy in Vienna, may readily be imagined.

As correspondents of the *Nation* have already written, the Italian Government's proclamation of neutrality met with universal approval; but it was interpreted in different senses. The triplicists and the official Socialist organization soon declared themselves for neutrality to the end of the war. So far as I am aware, not even the most ardent triplicist has ventured to assert that Italy should take up arms for her allies. The Reformist Socialists, on the other hand, the Republicans, and the Nationalists, with other sections of the various constitutional groups, are by this time for war against Germany and Austria. And the chief merit for this stand, in which ideal as well as political considerations have much weight, unquestionably belongs to the new and vigorous Nationalist party.

As early as August 6, writing in the *Idea Nazionale*, the Nationalist organ, Signor R. Forges Davanzati, one of the ablest of the younger generation of Italian publicists, clearly pointed out that the consequences of Austria's and Germany's action should have been, not a promise of neutrality for the present or the future, but the immediate denunciation of the Triple Alliance, which had in effect ceased to exist. Some of the clauses of this treaty are secret, but it is known that it was defensive, not offensive, and that it was based on the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Balkans. "We had," said Signor Davanzati, "both the right and the duty to make clear our line of conduct as soon as Austria behaved in that manner towards Serbia. We had the right and the duty resolutely to affirm both at Vienna and at Berlin that a conflict with Serbia would greatly disturb the equilibrium in the Balkans, and would precipitate a European war; and that by reason of both these inevitable consequences, without ample and secure guarantees which the Monarchy has always shown itself unready to concede, Italy not only could not take the part of her allies, but could not even maintain towards them a friendly attitude." The observation has repeatedly been made that a word from the German Emperor while the crisis was maturing would have stayed Austria's hand. Likewise, such firm

language as this might have given pause even to the war lords at Vienna and Berlin.

There is no question that at Vienna and Berlin they had deluded themselves into the notion that they could count upon Italy's compliance in whatever warlike enterprise they chose to undertake. They treated her in fact not as an ally but as a vassal. It seems that it was partly in consequence of the assurances of the Austrian Ambassador to the Quirinal, von Merey, that Italy would certainly, though perhaps not willingly, follow her allies into war, partly because he knew that she would not give her consent to further Austrian encroachments in the Balkans, that von Berchtold omitted to inform the Italian Government of his intentions in regard to Serbia. The same von Merey, who has lately resigned because the Roman climate did not agree with him, said openly: "Les Italiens ne veulent pas marcher avec nous, mais nous les ferons marcher quand même."

Not only could Italy never tolerate the aggrandizement of Austria in the Balkans, but a glance at the map and a moment's reflection will show that a Russo-Servian victory over Austria without the help of Italy, which would mean the winning of the whole of Dalmatia for the Servians, would be only less disastrous. The holders of the Dalmatian coast, with its islands, bays, and inlets, control the Adriatic. The holders of the Italian coast have nothing but sandy beach and watering-places. In any event, Serbia, of which all are agreed that Montenegro will soon become a part, will have and will deserve, as the Italians themselves admit, a share in Dalmatia. And she will have it all, in the now probable case of the defeat of Austria, if Italy does not intervene. Italy, also, to control the Adriatic, must own or control Vallona, so that the distracted state of Albania only adds to the complexity and difficulty of the situation.

Such considerations, reiterated in all their changes by the most serious representatives of public opinion, including the sober and conservative *Corriere della Sera*, are having their effect, and the most trustworthy information I can obtain assures me that the best intelligence and patriotism of the country, as well as a numerical majority, are now or soon will be in favor of armed intervention. On the other hand, in addition to the easy-going, timorous bourgeoisie, who sagely reflect that if you go to war you may be worsted, there are influences tending in the opposite direction. Some have convinced themselves, in spite of all probability and of all that the authoritative French, English, and Russian press say to the contrary, that Italy may have what she wants at the end of the war as the price of neutrality. The unhappy "Carthage" and "Manouba" incident above referred to has revived in some Italians the old-time rancors against France. In fact, at the time, M. Barère, the French Ambassador at Rome, said ruefully that it had undone his fourteen years of labor for conciliation. Nor can it be denied that the Foreign Office, by its failure to denounce the alliance at the outset, has put the country in such a position that a tardy intervention will seem to be the result of a cowardly policy of waiting to see which side would win. But it is astonishing how little hostility towards Austria, justified though it be by recent insult and wrong as well as by ancient oppression, has had to do with the formation of public opinion.

Apart from the confirmed triplicists, who

are really very few, and the orthodox Socialists, the only opposition to intervention which may be said to belong to a party is that of the Clericals. They are consistently on the side of the Austrians, and have been from the first. Cardinal Bourne, when he was in Rome to attend the Conclave, expressed to an acquaintance of mine his great surprise at the strength and extent of this sentiment. Extreme Clericals see in the downfall or weakening of the Austrian Empire the failure of the last chance for the restoration of the temporal power, while the more moderate ones, in the same eventuality, fear the extension of the Orthodox at the expense of the Catholic faith.

In this attitude, however, it is doubtful if the Clericals are to expect much encouragement from the newly elected Pontiff. Even Pius X showed himself on a number of occasions distinctly friendly to the Slavs. For example, in June of this year he signed a Concordat with Serbia establishing an archbishopric at Belgrade in direct relation with the Holy See, instead of depending on the archdiocese of Temesvár, as was the desire of Austria. In 1901 a dispute of the southern Slavs with Austria about the possession of the church and seminary of San Girolamo degli Schiavoni, in Rome, was decided in favor of the Slavs, largely through the efforts of Mgr. Della Chiesa, at that time Sostituto in the Secretariat of State. And in 1912, when a Montenegrin was appointed to the archdiocese of Antivari, which had always been held by an Austrian, the Montenegrins again owed their triumph to Della Chiesa, whom they had chosen to plead their cause, and whom they trusted not only as a canon lawyer of the first rank, but also as a well-proved friend. It is hardly necessary in this connection to dwell upon the tradition of friendship for France which the Pope inherits from Cardinal Rampolla. The Roman Pontiff is, of course, the father and pastor of all the faithful, without difference as to race or nationality. But fathers sometimes have their favorite children, and, at times, particular children have need of special care. At any rate, so experienced a statesman as Benedict XV is not likely to lose the opportunity he now has of reconciling the Holy See with France, where the news of his election was received with profound satisfaction.

The Italian Government, as if its present difficulties were not enough, may soon have to decide a novel and very nice question of international law. The Law of Guarantees, passed in 1871, secures to the Pope complete liberty of correspondence and communication with the outside world, including all convenient immunities and privileges for Ambassadors accredited to the Vatican. But in the debate on the law in Parliament, it was pointed out that, in the event of a war between Italy and a power with a diplomatic representative at the Vatican, his presence in the country could hardly be tolerated. An amendment having been offered, providing for the suspension of this guarantee in time of war, Senator Ruggero Bonghi justly objected that, since war is an abnormal condition in any state, such a provision was useless, and might prove harmful. The amendment was lost, but there is little doubt that, if Italy enters the conflict against her former allies, the Ambassadors to the Holy See of Austria-Hungary, Bavaria, and Prussia will receive their passports. H. E.

The Lust of Empire

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PRESENT WAR—
NIETZSCHE AND BERNHARDI AND THE GERMAN
PHILOSOPHY OF MIGHT—ENGLISH OPPORTU-
NISM AND ITS VARIOUS ASPECTS—THE COM-
PARISON.

I.

There has been, one suspects, a certain change in the attitude of many thoughtful Americans towards the countries that are held most immediately responsible for the war. Their first feeling was a natural one of outrage against the titular rulers of those lands. As the *Nation* exclaimed, in words that have been widely quoted:

Whatever happens, Europe—humanity—will not settle back again into a position enabling three Emperors—one of them senile, another subject to melancholia, and the third often showing signs of disturbed mental balance—to give, on their individual choice or whim, the signal for destruction and massacre.

But it did not take much reflection to see that, however these crowned bogeys might give the signal, the really maleficent spirit was the militarism which held the governments in its mailed fist and bade emperors and chancellors speak as it wished. And so the *Nation* of October 1, drawing a kind of forlorn hope from history, denounced this "terrible obsession":

Because Stein and Bismarck drilled and organized, thereby succeeding, everybody must be given over to a passion for drilling and military organization. That this should have finally resulted in the elevation of the soldier above all his fellows, and the apotheosis of war, is a fearful thing, no doubt, but one can understand it. So could one understand the domination of slavery in this country. . . . One long and bloody war made an end of slavery. May we faintly trust the larger hope that another will rid the world of the curse of militarism?

And only a week later we were moved by reading a kind of deprecatory tribute to the patriotism and community of feeling aroused by the war in the whole German people—the enthusiasm of the soldiers, the loyalty of those that stayed behind and their readiness to sacrifice all, "the great uplifting of soul on the part of German women."

There, I think, we touch the bottom of the matter. It may be true that the Kaiser and his ally of Austria might have stayed for a while the flaring up of the great conflagration; but sooner or later the spirit of militarism was bound to assert itself pragmatically, and the flames would leap forth. Nor does it seem to me that by militarism we should understand the mere dominance of the military caste, or their levying and drilling of armies in time of peace under the plea of "preparedness for war." It is at least a plausible thesis that these vast preparations rather in themselves retarded than hastened the conflict; just as two quarrelsome boys are quicker to fight than two trained athletes who know the cost of such an engage-

ment. But however that may be, and there is much to say on both sides of the question, it ought to be clear that, for whatever reason, the so-called spirit of militarism has not been confined to a clique of Prussian officers, but has sunk deep into the hearts of the German people. The unanimity of the German press, the documents sent to this country by the most eminent scholars of the universities, the readiness of the leading poets and moralists of the land to condone the worst vandalism of the army—such things as these make it clear that something more is at work here than the machinations of a group of self-seeking soldiers and armament-makers, and that this marvellous unanimity is something different from the patriotism that is solidifying other countries.

All this we of America, who are so far from the contest as to stand as it were in the position of judging posterity, are beginning to perceive and to wonder at; and with the perception our condemnation of German policy grows wider than a mere democratic antagonism to the phantom of arbitrary power, and deeper than abhorrence of the ruthlessness of the Kaiser's troops under the plea of efficiency. This change, if I am right in suspecting its existence, is coming about from late acquaintance, mostly, of course, at second hand, with certain authors who, with almost incredible frankness, give voice to the inner creed of the nation. Above all, the name of Nietzsche is beginning, by the aid of the daily press, to take on a sinister meaning for the man in the street. Now, the gospel of that fanatic is nothing new. It has a respectable following in Russia and France, and through the efforts of a little body of propagandists in London and this country his works have been translated into English and expounded among us with great fervor and some cunning. But we of the English tongue are pragmatists by blood, endowed by nature with a plentiful scorn of philosophical speculation, and only the hammer of events could drive into us a suspicion that a metaphysical theory of life might have a serious influence on a national policy, and, as at once cause and effect, enter into the moulding of a people's character. And doubtless Nietzscheism itself would not have got such a hold in Germany had not a part of the doctrine been haunting the popular ear ever since Luther pronounced war to be "a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking, or any other work."

Nietzscheism is indeed more than a glorification of war. It is in one sense almost anything you choose to make it, for its author was a master of the various epigram, with little care for verbal consistency, so that from his works the devil or the angels may quote texts with equal conviction, as they are said to quote from better books. But out of his broken discourses, taken as a whole, there does stream a pretty definite tendency of thought and feeling, and this is what has acted dynamically on so many practical minds of his Fatherland. Briefly, the force of Nietzscheism may be summed up thus: A

violent repudiation of any faith or tradition which recognizes a power of right and justice lying beyond our impulsive nature and pronouncing a veto on the wilful expansion of that nature; an identification of self-restraint with degeneracy and of self-assertion with health, resulting in a deadening of the response to the value of harmony and proportion and voluntary moderation; a search for happiness in the conquest of others rather than in self-conquest, and a hatred of all sympathy for the weak which would involve even a partial surrender of the privilege of strength; a sharp distinction between the superior individual and the servile horde; a substitution of the Will to Power for the Darwinian Will to Live, with the consequent intensification of the unconscious and instinctive struggle for existence into a battle for conscious mastery; a sharpening of the competition of life, with its self-observed rules of fair play or its traditionally imposed limitations, into a glorification of war as the supreme test of strength, obtaining its justification in success.

Such, then, is the essence of the philosophy distilled by a master mind out of the pragmatism of Luther (whom he praised for his "depth and courage," but denounced for his religiosity), and Frederick the Great (whom he regarded, only less than Napoleon, as the "genius for war and conquest"), and out of the romantic deification of emotional expansion (himself a product of Rousseauism, though writhing in his fetters).

II.

One thing has tended to obscure the influence of Nietzsche. He was no patriot; he even condemned modern Nationalism as a *névrose nationale*, and, for very personal reasons, was most vitriolic against the particular Teutonic brand of chauvinism. "German intellect," he exclaimed at the end of his life, "is my foul air: I breathe with difficulty in the neighborhood of this psychological uncleanness that has now become instinctive—an uncleanness which in every word and expression betrays a German," etc., etc. Now, there is something that sounds illogical in glorifying war and cosmopolitanism in the same breath, and certainly there is something not nice for German ears in Nietzsche's vituperative epithets; another mind was needed to make his philosophy thoroughly digestible for the home stomach, and Herr von Treitschke was the man to add the necessary ingredient of chauvinism. This he did in his "Deutsche Geschichte" and in his many lectures and essays, in all of which he really preaches a form of Nietzscheism while denouncing Nietzsche for his betrayal of the Fatherland. The essence of Treitschke's message is thus a tremendous chauvinism, facing the world unveiled and unabashed, facing with particular grimness across the Channel towards the centre of the British Empire. Germany, in his view, has been the great civilizer of mankind and the vigorous purger of shams. "Depth of conviction," he declares, "idealism, univity, the power to look beyond all the limits of a finite existence, to sympathize with all that

is human, to traverse the realm of ideas in companionship with the noblest of all nations and ages—this has at all times been the German characteristic." Germany should be the leader and ruler of the world, and such she would now be, were it not that, while she has been indulging in dreams of the spirit, England has slyly and treacherously been laying her hand on the outlying regions of the globe and degrading mankind with her materialistic opportunism. But real power cannot always be concealed, and "a thing that is wholly a sham [that is, England, "the great robber-state"] cannot in this universe of ours endure for ever." War is the last revealer of power, and "God will see to it that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race"; it is something more than a purge; it is, in the words of another militarist, the *schaffendes Weltprinzip*. With England, then, the war will come, the sooner the better; and might, which is also right, will prevail.

Such, it appears, are the ideas that dominate the whole school of what are called the Prussian historians, with Treitschke as their coryphæus. Their works have never really reached English readers, but since the outbreak of war their spirit has become sufficiently known across the Channel by the writings of a retired general of cavalry, Friedrich von Bernhardi,* who is an avowed disciple of Treitschke's. The deep-rooted Nietzscheism of this flamboyant militarist will be clear enough from a few sentences taken at random out of the pages of "Germany and the Next War":

War is a biological necessity of the first importance. . . . "War is the father of all things." The sages of antiquity long before Darwin recognized this.

"To supplant or to be supplanted is the essence of life," says Goethe, and the strong life gains the upper hand. The law of the stronger holds good everywhere.

It is a persistent struggle for possessions, power, and sovereignty, which primarily governs the relations of one nation to another, and right is respected so far only as it is compatible with advantage.

"Justice," says Goethe aptly, "is a quality and a phantom of the Germans."

The end-all and be-all of a state is power.

Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things.

Such statements as these would no doubt have passed unnoticed in England as being merely ideas and "academic," as would even the repetition of Treitschke's diatribes against British cant and senility, were it not that Bernhardi's most direct and audacious forecast of a war between Germany and Austria on the one side with France, Russia, and England on the other was so suddenly fulfilled and his theory of its strategy so largely carried out. The most impervious British mind could no longer overlook the fact that

Germany was, with a vengeance, seeking for herself "a place in the sun," and attempting, as Frederick the Great once said, to *corriger la figure de la Prusse*. And events are proving that the military prophets were right in predicting that, whatever might be the immediate cause of hostilities and whoever might be the allied contestants, the struggle in the end was to be between Germany and Great Britain for empire, for *Weltmacht oder Niedergang*. At least that is overwhelmingly the passion of Germany at the present moment. Every report from that land shows that her desire to make an end forever of the French longing for *revanche* and her need to set a limit to Slavic expansion are almost swallowed up in a fierce hatred of England as the inaccessible obstacle to her lust of empire. Nor should old causes of detestation be forgotten. Long ago I asked a very intelligent German why he so hated England. His answer implied more than he said in words: "Do you remember Thackeray's picture of court life at Pumpernickel in 'Vanity Fair'?" England must be not only crushed but humiliated.

III.

And what of England herself? In a word, the matter lies thus: while in Germany the lust of empire has produced a tremendously efficient instrument of war, her rival, without any such avowed purpose and with no such efficiency, has somehow created an empire. I would not say that the vision of world-power has not floated before the minds of individual Englishmen, and at times stirred vaguely in the popular consciousness. Even in the early eighteenth century a minor poet, Thomas Tickell, could be lifted to eloquence by such a theme:

Accept, great Anne, the tears their mem'ry draws

Who nobly perish'd in their sov'reign's cause:
For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.

Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath must tell

That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dorrner fell.

Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs pale,

On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale;
Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,

On whose decree the nations anxious wait;
From Albion's cliffs thy wide extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command,
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.

That note is not altogether uncommon in English literature; but it is not prevalent, and above all it was never developed into a practical and widely accepted philosophy. As a matter of fact, the history of the British Empire shows little purpose or guiding policy, but rather a blind following of chance and opportunity. Her great increase of power has come oftener from opposition to the ambition of some other nation than from a conscious ambition of her own. So it was when the navies of Spain were checked, and

again when Marlborough stood against Louis XIV, and when Wellington put a stop to the Napoleonic dreams—and so it may happen to-day with Prussia, and to-morrow, who knows? with the sluggish Bear of Europe. She lost half a continent when her Government tried to enforce a theory of empire on her subjects of America; whereas her vast gains in India were rather thrust upon her by the greed of merchants at home and the independent vigor of distant agents beyond her control, just as the conquest of Africa was brought to her half-willing hands by the audacity of two or three irresponsible megalomaniacs.

There has never been anything in the English intelligence corresponding to Nietzscheism or Treitschkeism, and there is nothing like it to-day save perhaps in a few isolated minds, and that for reasons at once a credit and a discredit to the people. For the discredit we shall not hesitate to say, as Matthew Arnold and Bagehot and other good patriots have said very emphatically, that the English as a people are just, not intelligent, if by intelligence one means an interest in ideas for themselves or a pleasure in the operations of the mind apart from immediate utility. From the days of the Reformation to the present the only philosophy that has gained any genuine ascendance in that land is the doctrine of Bacon and Locke and Bentham, which has worked itself out logically in the creation of "comfort" and in the increase of "ingenious trade." Such writers as Nietzsche and Treitschke could not be national powers for this reason, if for no other, that, after all, those men were absorbed in ideas and in subjecting the crude material of life to a rigid theory.

That ever-growing indolence of the brain in England is discreditable; and, to mention a single symptom of the case, if the war can succeed in manifesting to London the hollowness of the mountebanks and decadents and hysterical women who are now supposed there to be making literature, it will have done one good thing at least. But there is a creditable side to British opportunism also—a glory, if you will, in the operation of instinctive, unreasoned character, and in the ready response to the call of duty. Jameson, a physician in far-away Africa, stung by the spirit of adventure and bringing about great international changes by his daring, is characteristic of his people. But more characteristic is the activity of a clerk like Clive, who, under the spur of necessity and without training, takes up the burden of government and creates an Empire.

The German mind, and to a certain extent the world at large, has never been able to understand this opportunism, which is mothered by lack of intelligence and purpose and fathered by a mute or magnificent response to the claim of the thing to be done now and here. So it is that to a philosophical historian such as Treitschke the whole record of the British Empire is a tale of treachery and underhand deal-

**Germany and the Next War*. Translated by Allen H. Powles. New York: Chas. A. Eron.

On War of To-day. Translated by Hugh Rees.
How Germany Makes War. (A condensation of *War of To-day*.) New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25 net.

ing, and the basis of British character is sham and lying pretence. This, too, is the source of that imputation of cant which is so often retorted upon British pride. And—such is the tangle of good and evil in human nature—the imputation is in part true. When the smug Briton arrogates to himself the virtues of his greater compatriots, when he attempts to give a reason for what his race has irrationally accomplished, when he wraps himself up in a vulgar self-complacency, he does sometimes fall a victim to an unpleasant simulacrum of righteousness. Cant is the sham of morality that confronts the sham intellectualism of Germany—for withal we must not forget that an intellectualism which honors purpose and intellect to the dishonor of the traditional sense of what is right, and which starts from a fundamental disregard of truth, is itself also a sham. But cant is only the shadow and not the substance of British character. The real contrast to Nietzscheism is patriotism. Now, it need scarcely be said that patriotism is not exclusively British, nor is all the so-called patriotism of that land admirable. Was it not Dr. Johnson who denounced the word as the last resort of scoundrels? But patriotism as a kind of philosophy opposed to Treitschkeism, if the paradox may be allowed, the profound emotion that accompanies the lack of reflection and the sense of duty, is peculiarly English.

If any one cares to see what is meant by this comparison of Treitschkeism and patriotism, let him read the little book which contains the lectures of the late Professor Cramb.* It is an eloquent piece of writing, informed with deep feeling, a trumpet call, one might almost say without metaphor, to rouse his countrymen to an understanding of what has been going on across the Channel and to the necessity of preparing for the war which has, since these lectures, actually broken out. Let me quote the words that must be engraved now in the heart of many of his hearers. After telling the story of the perishing of Capt. Scott and his comrades in the Antarctic snows, he continues:

And then pass to the last stage in the drama—to that other death. There in the tent beside his dead the leader sits, still alive; there he sits, unvanquished and unappalled, his head propped against the tent-pole to ease his fatigue in the last slow dreadful vigil, whilst down over his magnificently English features a night deeper than the Polar night descends. And what are the thoughts which then flicker in front of him? We know them; we have them written in his own hand in that priceless record—priceless because authentic. "The greatness of England—my nation!" It is the greatness of England which uplifts him as death steals over his features like a marble mask. . . .

Now I suggest to you that one explanation of this extraordinary paradox in human history—the persistence of war in spite of what seems its unreason—is that there is something in war, after all, that is analogous to this heroism there in the Antarctic zone,

**Germany and England*. By J. A. Cramb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1 net.

something that transcends reason; that in war and the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comforts; that in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the Ideal. In all life at its height, in thought, art, and action, there is a tendency to become transcendental; and if we examine the wars of England or of Germany in the past we find governing these wars throughout this higher power of heroism, or of something, at least, which transcends reason.

The lecturer's illustration of patriotism is clear and forcible; but his glorification of war becomes misty and transcendental, and when he attempts to reproduce for his hearers something corresponding to the Nietzscheism of Germany he begins to speak a language of which he has no understanding. For the clean-cut, shrill ideas of the German he has only a misty sentiment. Perhaps it is better that we should not try to reason too logically about some things; certainly it is better so, unless we are sure of our premises. And one thing we are longing for now is to see German militarism and its philosophy of empire fall before the power of British opportunism, however unreasoning that power may be, and however unlovely in its baser forms.

P. E. M.

Correspondence

MR. WELLS AND "VERNON LEE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I will not trouble your readers with a lengthy reply to the remarkable "message" apropos of myself which Miss Paget ("Vernon Lee") has written you. For the most part she answers herself, or what she has to say has been quite adequately counteracted by other articles and letters in your columns. But most of your readers will not have read the article by me in relation to which she writes, and as manifestly she has misread it in her excitement, you will, I know, permit me to correct her upon certain specific points.

She declares I want America to "starve" the German people. There was no such suggestion in my article. So far as the internal Austrian and German food supply is concerned, Germany can, with a little economy, go on feeding herself without importation for an indefinite time. But feeding her armies at the front is a different matter. As my article pointed out—a thing "Vernon Lee" has either overlooked or ignored—the Rhine is a natural supply canal for these armies, and the peculiar position of Holland renders it much more convenient to supply them from America via Rotterdam, if America sees fit to play in such a game, than from the threatened granaries of Pommerania and Silesia. In the long struggle that is now reaching its climax, the question of supply is a dominating factor, and so I have no quarrel with the editor who threw up my phrase of VICTUALLING OUR ENEMIES into large type. That is exactly what I meant, our enemies, the German army, and exactly what "Vernon Lee" failed to grasp in her haste.

As for the "thousands of English men and

women" who share my former friend's "shame and disgust" at my proposals, I ask you not to believe in their existence. Probably not a score of them have misread me, as "Vernon Lee" has done. I am indeed puzzled and distressed by these onslaughts of hers upon me, by her scarcely sane abuse of republican France, by her quotation, with approval, of such mere abuse as Professor Harnack's description of Russia as a "Byzantine and Mongol semi-barbarism." She even accuses me of flattering America, in spite of the fact that I sent her my little book upon "The Future in America" when it appeared. She will end, I know, by calling me "pro-British"—the last sin of which a true-born Englishman is capable. Whatever other losses or gains this war brings about, it has, I fear, lost England "Vernon Lee." But we shall do our best to reconquer her for the sake of many precious things that she gave us before she was won from us by Berlin.

H. G. WELLS.

London, October 2.

DR. CONYBEARE'S REPLY TO "VERNON LEE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I pass some criticisms on "Vernon Lee's" "Message to Americans" in your issue of September 17? Her contention is that she speaks on behalf of English Liberals; I, too, am a Liberal, and come of a family distinguished during two centuries for its liberalism. Nor am I ill-disposed to Germany. I owe my *Weltanschauung*, such as it is, to Kant and the great German Idealists of a hundred years ago; I owe more to German than to English intellectuals, to the teaching, and—I am proud to be able to add—to the friendship of such men as Harnack, Hermann Ugner, Krumbacher, von Dobschütz, Diels, Albrecht Dieterich, and many others, some of whom have been spared the fate of witnessing this terrible war.

"Vernon Lee" singles out for attack Mr. H. G. Wells, who may be the contemptible lightweight she supposes, but whom I anyhow decline to recognize as more than an ingenious imitator of the French author of "A Voyage Round the Moon." It appears that he wishes to see Germany starved into surrender. My opinion is that even in war she can probably stand years of starvation without being obliged by it to surrender; but I would fain ask "Vernon Lee" what she imagines Germany would do to England in this matter, had she the power. Were our overseas supplies of food stopped, we should be starved out in six months. Would Germany, therefore, scruple to stop them, if her fleet were strong enough to do so? Unto what end and against whom has she strained her every nerve and spared no expense to build her fleet? Had "Vernon Lee" made the most superficial study of newspapers read by her people, of the *Militär Wochenblatt* read by all her officers, she could entertain no doubt that Germany's aim is to starve us into abject surrender to her will. She finds it "atrocious" and "hideous" in Mr. Wells to contrive famine for Germany, but would apparently approve if Germany could inflict it on her own fair land of England; she is prepared to see the Prussians, after invasion of our shores, mete out to us the measure they are meting out to their Belgian victims.

We learn that "there are thousands of English men and women who feel only shame and disgust at the proposal Mr. Wells has ven-

tured to make in their name." In my turn, I ask, how many of the German governing class in 1870 felt shame and disgust at the methodical starving of two million people in Paris? How many of them would have scrupled the other day to repeat the operation on nearly four million Parisians? How many of them would scruple to starve out London? These people are hurling bombs on open, undefended, or, at least, unbesieged cities. Would they share the tender scruples of "Vernon Lee"? Are they not even strewing the high seas with mines, to the destruction of neutral crews and shipping?

Our authoress next contrasts Germany, the "best administered and best schooled of all great European nations," with Russia, much to the disadvantage of the latter, and she points to the oppression of Finland and of the Dumas. I agree with her that the treatment of the Finns and of the first crop of Russian Parliamentarians has been detestable; but has she never heard of Zabern, of the Hakatists in Posen, of the political murder of the Danes in Schleswig? Surely, if Germany is so much better schooled and administered than Russia, we should condemn her all the more severely for her failure during forty-four years to win the good-will of Alsace and Lorraine, during 60 of the Danes, during 120 of her Poles. Why do all these races still loathe the German administration, if it be as exemplary as "Vernon Lee" pretends? She rails ironically at "the notoriously peace-loving Czar." She forgets that when he came to the throne his first thought was to unite all Europe in a lasting league of peace, and to substitute arbitration for war, that the German Government and press (except the Socialist papers) flouted his proposals, as they flouted the similar overtures of Campbell-Bannerman in 1906, and that the German Emperor has consistently rattled his sword and boasted of his "shining armor" ever since he mounted his throne.

"Vernon Lee" dwells upon the anti-Semitic excesses which are—I admit it as fully as she does—a disgrace to Russia. But is her enlightened Germany above reproach in this matter? There the Jews serve by thousands in her armies, but no Jew is admitted to the grade of officer; and Pan-German chauvinism, as represented by its chosen hierophant Herr Chamberlain, is as hostile to the race as any section of Russian opinion. German sentiment is being sedulously worked up by such writers towards the pogrom.

The authoress next turns to the idea of *Revanche*, which, she says, "has been fed up as sole unifying and purifying power even among the former stalwarts of Dreyfusist anti-militarism." On this side of the English Channel I was a champion of truth and justice outraged in the person of Dreyfus, and so became acquainted with many of those who wrestled in France, until they won, with that corrupt, fanatical, and inhumane faction which called itself Nationalist; but I never met with any other feelings among Dreyfusards than those of the warmest French patriotism. If Sussex and Kent were wrested from us in a war precipitated by a forged telegram, would the next generation of Englishmen have lost all desire to recover them, especially after their inhabitants had writhed for years under the soulless despotism of which Zabern is the symbol? Why condemn the French for cherishing patriotic aspirations? We would despise them, did they not do so; and, speaking for myself, I would never have touched the Drey-

fus case, if—as "Vernon Lee" imagines—it had stood for a craven submission to German bullying. Were there ever purer and more single-hearted French patriots than Scheurer Kestner, than Zola, Clemenceau, and the other heroes of that episode?

"Vernon Lee" quotes with glee words of Professor Harnack, in which he speaks of the "inconceivable English betrayal of Western civilization into the hands of Byzantine and Mongol semi-barbarism." She forgets—as does Professor Harnack (von Harnack he styles himself since he became a courtier and a reactionary)—that Germany has steadily now for fourteen years compassed the invasion and destruction of Great Britain; that she has scoffed at all our peaceful overtures; that she seized the occasion of our diminishing the growth of our navy to double her own; that she only waited for the completion of the Kiel Canal to embark on this war; that for twenty years her youth have been sedulously imbued with envy and hatred of us, with malice and all uncharitableness. In the last conversation I ever had with Bishop Creighton I was defending Germany, the Germany I knew as a young man, which I then believed fondly to be yet the true Germany. He answered me that I should, being much younger than himself, live to realize that the German Empire of Bismarck is a thoroughly predatory organism. Does not the martyrdom of Belgium, about which "Vernon Lee" keeps a guarded silence, bear out his words?

But to return to Russia and her "Byzantine and Mongol semi-barbarism." We must not forget that Byzantium kept alive and handed down to us the torch of ancient and, in particular, of Greek culture. No Byzantine Emperor ever set himself, as has this Kaiser, to imitate Attila, none ever encouraged his soldiers to emulate the Huns, none ever made war upon universities, libraries of precious manuscripts, ancient cathedrals. In our own generation Russia's literature is distinctly finer than German, her music and painting, at least, equal, if not superior; in learning alone she falls behind, but not much behind. If any one doubts this, let him examine the transactions published during the last fifty years by the Russian Academy. In chemistry what German can rival Mendeliev? If "Vernon Lee" would understand what Russia can accomplish in the way of ordered government, of well-laid-out and hygienic cities and streets, of engineering works, of carefully prepared statistics, let her visit the Russian dominions, as I have done, and she will drop von Harnack's falsetto rubbish about Russia's "Mongol semi-barbarism."

One last word in this connection about the Russian tongue, which I am privileged to read, though not to speak. I have no hesitation in saying that as an instrument of thought and expression it is vastly superior to High German, less cumbrous and involved, more musical and harmonious, richer, more plastic, akin in its clearness and simplicity to English and French. If "Vernon Lee" doubts this let her compare the first chapter of Turgenev's novel "Fathers and Sons" with the German translation of the same (accounted elegant and excellent) by Wilhelm Lange. I turn to what "Vernon Lee" accounts the deeper cause of this war; namely, the upholding by Great Britain of the right to destroy or seize an enemy's seaborne goods. Germany, it is argued, would never have built a fleet if we had foregone this "piratical" right. Is she so simple as to suppose that

Germany will forego the right, if she ever has the stronger navy? Is she foregoing it at this moment? Would she ever keep to any agreement not to use it? Von Bernhardt, in his "Germany and the Next War," recognizes, indeed, the importance of a German fleet for the protection of German commerce, but he regards this as only its secondary purpose. "We have come to see," he writes (p. 228), "that the protection of our commerce and the defence of our shores cannot possibly be the only object of such a fleet, but that it, like the land army, is an instrument for carrying out the political ends of the state and supporting its justifiable ambitions."

What these ends and ambitions are we learned but two months ago from the German Chancellor himself. They include the humiliation of France and the appropriation of her colonies. I suppose "Vernon Lee" would not account that ambition to be piratical. In the present war Germany has already occupied Belgium, and treats it as a conquered country which she intends to keep; is that not piratical? And Bernhardt (p. 158) informs us that Holland also will soon "prefer that adhesion to the German Empire which geography dictates." He shows the cloven hoof to ourselves pretty clearly when he prophesies that our self-governing colonies, Canada, Australia, and South Africa, will not "permanently retain any trace of the English spirit," and urges his compatriots to embark "in the hard struggle for the sovereignty of the world." He clearly intends that these self-governing colonies of Great Britain shall be annexed by the King of Prussia and Germanized; but, as a first step in the process, he would (p. 78) have "the isolated groups of Germans abroad, in the United States, in Brazil, and in the British colonies, supported in their struggle for existence, and thus kept loyal to their nationality." Such groups will, he declares, not only "obtain their goods from Germany, but they may also be useful to us politically, as we discover in America, where the German-Americans have formed a political alliance with the Irish, and thus united, constitute a power within the state with which the (American) Government must reckon."

In other words, German settlers in the States are no longer to become loyal American citizens. They will henceforth constitute an *imperium in imperio*, an insidious force arrayed to assist and further the designs of Potsdam. "From the point of view of civilization, it is imperative to preserve the German spirit, and by so doing to establish foci of universal culture." Yes, of the "culture" which has just razed Louvain and Rheims to the ground, and massacred civilians by hundreds. For this end the German Government spends nearly five million dollars annually; namely, in preventing German settlers oversea from becoming loyal sons of the country of their adoption; it is an insidious policy, calculated only in the long run to raise up around German settlers in all lands an atmosphere of odium and suspicion. I have said enough, and would only in conclusion ask "Vernon Lee" how she can reconcile the martyrdom of Belgium with her superior estimates of German polity and policy. It is as if an *apache* should violate an innocent girl, rob her, torture her, and, finally, flog her into becoming his bond-servant for ever. She has no word of condemnation for this foulest of crimes, nay, seeks to palliate

it by a sophistry which will deceive no one. She professes to address a "Message to Americans" in behalf of English Liberals, but Americans may rest assured that she represents no section of English opinion whatever, least of all English Liberalism.

FRED. C. CONYBEARE.

Oxford, Eng., September 29.

PRUSSIA AND GERMAN CULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most references in our press to-day to Prussia's contribution to German culture seem to me to suffer from a neglect to consider, at least for the sake of clearness, the point of view of enlightened Prussians. Prussia recognizes clearly and frankly that the West and South of Germany have contributed principally and almost exclusively to the greatness of German culture. It has long since been able to see its own power to systematize as against the power to create of the rest of Germany. Up to the union of the German states under Prussian supremacy that stands out clearly enough. With the exception of a Kant and of some scientists, like the Humboldts, who were often also eminent statesmen, and therefore Prussian, the great creative geniuses have been subjects of the smaller southern and western states. Meanwhile, however, Prussia has been engaged in creating a mighty state and in developing the political foundations that are so sorely lacking in the more æsthetic Germany.

Ex-Chancellor von Bülow has given a clear and unbigoted exposition of this two-fold Germany in his "Imperial Germany," which should carry all the more weight not only because it was written before the stress of the war, but also because its author has always been superior to the boisterous and more or less troublesome dogmatic leagues and parties of Germany. He recognizes as the most important and only really vital task of modern Germany, the "fusion of the Prussian and German spirit." "Prussian State life and German intellectual life," he says, "must become reconciled in such a way that both their growths become intertwined without weakening each other."

The possibility of such a fusion naturally depends upon the strength or weakness of the element common to the whole. Prussia, "the prosaic state of soldiers and officials," has often been sorely attacked by the democratic and æsthetic South in public sentiment and expression. On the other hand, the Prussian has shown too often a narrow-minded contempt for the finer qualities of his southern neighbor. If you add to that the political philistinism of all of Germany, a result of its long history of petty principalities, the quarrel seems almost hopeless, and the task of a fusion stupendous. However, that same philistinism carries within itself the germ of the quality to which the more enlightened of Germans look for the completion of this task. Local patriotism gives birth to an enormous variety of parties, and stubborn loyalty to party leaders accounts for the dogmatic philistinism these parties evince. From this, in addition to the ordinarily accepted arguments, the Prussian statesmen deduce the essentially monarchical character of German political thought. For the present, to be sure, this is still expressed in narrow-minded and geographically narrow loyalty; but if it is edu-

cated skilfully and in a broad-minded spirit to recognize and adopt as common protector the best organized and most powerful monarchy, the greatest common good must result.

This must not be done by a high-handed imposition of that Prussian monarchy upon the lesser states and principalities, but by a sympathetic smoothing over of the differences that exist. A solution of the problem along the lines of the abstract democratic ideals of the 'forties failed, thinks von Bülow, because of their violent antagonism to the monarchical character of the people and historical traditions of Germany and because they were too exclusively intellectual at the expense of the practical, as was all democratic propaganda in Germany.

If this delicate expansion of Prussian system can be effected, German intellect should be infinitely benefited, for under the protection of a strong guardian its output should become stronger and freer. Leopold von Ranke compares the function of Prussia in Germany to that of Rome, which by its military and political organization preserved classical culture. "The Prussian State became the guardian of German intellectual life by giving the German people a united state and a position on a level with the great empires of the world." But this task was subtle and hard, and is not yet completed. Above all, it is important to note how far superior it is to the narrow doctrines of a Treitschke. Men like von Bülow have met with much difficulty in attempting it, and these difficulties often were due more to the intolerance of their own Prussian countrymen than to the opposition of the West and South.

In the 'seventies and 'eighties, before there was mutual understanding and tolerance, the immediate effect of the preponderance of Prussia was actually a stifling of German intellect and æsthetics. But all great innovations must at first pay dearly for a seemingly inevitable lack of balance. The last decades of German intellectual life have, however, been stronger and richer, and are giving evidence of new leadership. If Prussian leaders, then, see in this war, whatever may have been its causes, an impetus towards the realization of their goal, and the rest of Germany realizes more than before Prussia's importance for its culture, each expressing his enthusiasm from his own standpoint, we may profitably take it upon ourselves to criticize the basis of their enthusiasms; but neglecting that, our criticisms have little importance.

Von Bülow, in a recent interview with a Swedish journalist, says: "The tempest of these days has swept away what was retrograde and petty in us. The complete harmony between political thought and national feeling, the conviction which has at last thoroughly imbued us, that the destiny of every single one is indissolubly bound to the destiny of the whole, has made immense inroads in these times."

OTTO MANTHEY-ZORN.

Amherst College, October 13.

KULTUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nearly nineteen hundred years ago a Roman general, in exhorting his troops, made the following comments on the Germans (Tacitus, "Histories," IV, 73): "Eadem semper causa Germanis transcendendi in Gallias, libido atque avaritia et mutandæ sedis amor, ut relictis paludibus et solitudinibus suis fecundissimum hoc solum vosque ipsos possiderent.

Ceterum libertas et speciosa nomina prætexuntur; nec quisquam alienum servitium et dominationem sibi concupivit ut non eadem ista vocabula usurparet."

Nature's swamps and solitudes have now been replaced by the less attractive wilderness of German art. Among the fair-sounding names we hear more to-day of *Kultur* than of liberty. Instead of primitive ignorance there is now a superfluity of supreme intelligence, strangely unappreciated by the outside world. The rest is the same. One more *Völkerwanderung*.

E. K. RAND.

Harvard University, October 10.

QUASI-LEGISLATIVE POWER OF JUDGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A vast number of American lawyers, especially lawyers under forty years of age, have been constrained to recognize a serious public problem in connection with the quasi-legislative power of judges in our Anglo-American system of jurisprudence. During the last half-century the most notable manifestations of this quasi-legislative power have been in those lawsuits where beneath the surface the real contest is not between individuals, but between classes, such as railways as a class, labor unions as a class, negroes as a class, working women as a class, members of the Republican party as a class. On account of well-known principles of American constitutionalism this quasi-legislative power of judges has been more obvious here than in England. But even in England a similar problem exists and has been commented upon by both scholars and statesmen—such as L. T. Hobhouse and Winston L. S. Churchill.

In this country, among a small but influential number of practicing lawyers, a regrettable and unprofessional tendency has appeared. It is a tendency to treat with scorn and impudence any lawyer, old or young, exalted or humble, who ventures to discuss the social and political effects of the law-making function of judges. As an illustration of this regrettable tendency I shall quote a short passage from page 8 of the printed report of the American Bar Association's outstanding "Committee to Oppose the Judicial Recall." (It is impossible for me to believe that this language has been approved by all members of the Committee.)

Within the past year a chief justice of one of the oldest States, in an address avowedly intended for the people of the entire nation, held up to derision our Federal Constitution, its makers and expounders, as a basis for his advocacy of the decision recall and of other changes in our form of government. His attack upon the Federal Constitution and upon our system of government has never been surpassed in malignant vituperation by that of any socialist doctrinaire. The chairman of this committee recently had the pleasure, in the presence of that chief justice and before the Bar Association of his State, of denouncing such views of our institutions and the utterance of such views from such a source.

It is to be observed that the views of the Chief Justice of North Carolina, which the attorney of the Great Northern Railway Company takes pleasure in denouncing, are personal views on mooted questions of history and political science.

TYRRELL WILLIAMS.

Washington University Law School, St. Louis, Missouri, October 10.

Literature

HORACE WALPOLE'S "TWIN WIVES."

The Berry Papers: Being the Correspondence Hitherto Unpublished of Mary and Agnes Berry (1763-1852). By Lewis Melville. New York: John Lane Co. \$6 net.

Into the later correspondence of Horace Walpole, when the outlook of even that brave Epicurean began to darken with the shadow of the nearing end, there falls, as every good Walpolian knows, a fresh and kindly light from the old man's acquaintance with the Misses Berry. These two sisters, with their widowed father, had taken a house at Twickenham in 1788, and their friendship with Walpole soon ripened into the closest intimacy. He was seventy-one at the time of meeting; they were respectively twenty-five and twenty-four—"exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and qualified to talk on any subject," as they appeared to the scrutinizing eyes in Strawberry Hill. They were his "twin-wives," his everything that is dear to a privileged "ancient"; and nothing is prettier in epistolary literature than this cynic's fond language of gallantry, and few things are finer than his appeal to the good sense of his friends to disregard the scandal—and how well he knew the sources and courses of guilty Rumor!—that soon began to buzz about their innocent intimacy. Their names would have been held in pleasant recollection were it only for their fragrance in Walpole's letters, and that still is their chief distinction. But Mary Berry, in particular, has other claims on memory; she was something of an author on her own account. Nominally to her father, but really to her care, Walpole bequeathed his manuscripts; and she was the editor of his Works as they appeared in five quarto volumes in 1798. Her other publications, whether original or editorial, are forgotten, save the "Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence," which issued from the press thirteen years after her death. These volumes, however, included only a selection from the papers left by her, and the volume now before us, from the busy editorial pen of Mr. Melville, is in the nature of a supplement to the earlier work.

Mr. Melville's gleanings consist mainly of letters to Miss Berry preserved in the British Museum, and among these the correspondence of the Hon. Mrs. Damer takes the first place, for bulk, if not for interest. Any one at home in Walpole's circle will be glad to know something more of Anne Seymour Conway, afterwards Mrs. Damer, Walpole's intimate friend and the daughter of the man to whom a number of his frankest letters were addressed. Some further information we get of her life—for instance, of a proposal of marriage which she rejected—and some acceptable light is thrown on her character; but her correspondence, as we now read it, is no nearer to literature than tons of such matter that are daily

passing through the post; and it is so obscure from the intimacy of her tone as to be almost baffling to the reader. The interest becomes acute only when some passage brings out sharply the attitude of the writer or of Miss Berry to Walpole at the critical moment of Miss Berry's engagement. We already knew that Walpole, feeling himself old and gouty, acted towards these young women with all the exigency of a fond and petulant father, but this impression is happily strengthened by the present publication. "I was interrupted by Lord Orford," writes Mrs. Damer on one occasion: "He came complaining and tired, having been, he said, 'talked to death' [by] Lady C. Tufton at Mrs. Bute's last night, and is gone to the Doyleys'. The child has always a tendency to being fretful when you are not in the way to keep him in order, but I know not when I have seen him so little so, as [since] he came to town, which I hope may be set down to better health, for I am sure it cannot to less anxiety, less impatience, and less fidget about you." The tone of the writer is one of amused kindliness, but it becomes a bit acrid when Walpole's "fidget" was deepened to a querulous sulkiness by the dread of seeing his imaginary wife turned into the real wife of a younger man, and his comfortable habits outraged:

I cannot be sorry [writes Mrs. Damer again] that Lord Orford shows his most unfair crossness to you now, because I know that it is there and exists in his breast, and, if you, by the most unlooked-for attentions, have not been able to extirpate the vile weed, it must grow stronger, and that, you may depend on it, it will, and increase by indulgence; were you to sacrifice all your best days to come and your whole existence to him, there would be no end to his encroaching fancies. This may sound harsh, but it is plain truth, and you, my own soul, have suffered enough in this vile world; try at least if you cannot recover a part of the heavy debt that is owing you. I do not, from your account, feel uneasy at his indisposition, as I rather conclude it over, and I am sure when I think of what his dinners are, and how he eats them, I wonder he and his cat are not sick together every day for their dessert.

There is a tradition that Lord Orford took his courage in his hands and himself proposed real marriage to Mary. Nothing in these new letters proves or disproves the story, though the absence of any direct reference to such a situation is strong negative evidence against it. As for Mary Berry's own romance, that is made clearer by the publication of several letters between her and the delinquent lover, General O'Hara. To spare Walpole and her sister for a while, and perhaps also from some uncertainty about her soldier's character, she refused immediate marriage and allowed him to go off as Governor of Gibraltar without her, where, after a manner not unknown among soldiers, he soon found consolation with other ladies. She was brave, but some of the light went out of her life. In 1844 she was able to write thus of the event:

... All these circumstances combined in the most unlucky manner, crushed the fair fabric of my happiness, not at one fell swoop, but by the slow mining misery of loss of confidence, of unmerited complaints, of finding by degrees misunderstandings, and the firm rock of mutual confidence crumbling under my feet, while my bosom for long could not banish a hope that all might yet be set right. And so it would, had we ever met for twenty-four hours. But he remained at his government at Gibraltar till his death, in 1802. And I, forty-two years afterwards, on opening these papers which had been sealed up ever since, receive the conviction that some feelings in some minds are indelible.

Why, one asks, did Mr. Melville print so few of the letters of this romantic episode, all of it apparently so creditable to his heroine, when he has reproduced the effusions of Mrs. Damer at such tedious length?

By all odds the most spritely letters he has recovered of Mary Berry's are those that she wrote to her sister from Paris, whither she had gone with Lord and Lady Hardwicke in 1816. There is not a great deal in them that is sufficiently salient to warrant quotation (unless it be her horror of Talleyrand—"Could you see him! such a mass of moral and physical corruption!"), but they are always clever and shrewd and affectionate. Far better as literature is the one long letter to Miss Berry from Mrs. John Austin, quite the best thing in the book.

Mr. Melville's editing does not inspire one with entire confidence. It is certain on the face of it that the printed text contains slips in the French that are not the fault of the writers, and this leads one to wonder how many other inaccuracies there may be which the reader has no means of suspecting. The notes are fairly full and judicious. The price of the book is out of all reason, simply exorbitant.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Copy Cat, and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

All the realism, all the terseness, of Mrs. Wilkins's ordinary vein is in these eight stories of New England village life; but in a majority the customary sombreness is palliated by idealism of effect, while fancifulness plays an unwonted part. The title story, with two others of child life, is almost sprightly in tone. In the remainder the characters are still frequently people of abnormal lives or perverted will, and the environment, cold, provincial, penurious, is still depressing; but the narratives somehow leave a flavor of sweetness. A theme of unusual difficulties is that of "Noblesse," in which a gentlewoman with superlative flesh, forced by poverty to travel with a cheap museum, wins the sympathy of a country landholder of similar obesity; he is unable to rescue her from her contract, and in his gallantry, seeing a crystalline, angelic soul under her bulk, assumes her place and shields her from the ordeal. "The Umbrella Man" is a like spir-

itual tragedy brought to a happy conclusion: a gentle old ex-convict, and a woman who has somehow wrecked her life without soiling her soul, meet in the country occupation by which they earn their bare livelihood, and from sheer loneliness and reciprocal sympathy unite their lives. The delicacy with which character is sketched in these tales is worthy of the author of "Evelina's Garden" and "By the Light of the Soul." Others are by no means so successful, falling back to a harsh monotony, unhappy and uninteresting—a monotony identical whether they are humorous or pathetic, and eloquent of the fact that the repressed lives with which Mrs. Wilkins so frequently deals cannot keep even a short story alive with incident. They amount merely to so many character sketches, placed against a landscape-painting.

The King Behind the King. By Warwick Deeping. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

In this tale are present all the elements that go to the making of an "historical" novel that sins against nothing but history. Fulk Ferrers and Isoult of the Rose meet in stirring times. The Peasants' Revolt is brewing, and she, betrayed by her peers, has cast in her lot with a rebel band, headed by one Merlin, the Grey Friar—a scurvy lot, as she soon discovers; he, King Richard's half-brother, in the way of business as the Duke of Lancaster's Riding Forester, catches her in the act of replenishing the larder of her ragamuffin friends—and the play is on.

Taken prisoner by the gang, the idea occurs to them to make use of Fulk's resemblance to the King for their own purposes, at first with the connivance of Isoult—but we do not propose to tell the story here. Among the many exciting episodes is the scene at Mile End, where Fulk, personating his poor, cowardly half-brother, saves the kingdom, does infinite violence to Dame History, and, incidentally, some injustice to Richard II, who, we hope, was not quite so detestable a poltroon as he is here represented. Poor Isoult has a bad time among her ragamuffins, whom she has betrayed, partly for love of Fulk and partly for the equally valid reason that they smell vilely. A certain pot-valiant Guy the Stallion spends a good deal of time dragging her around by the wrist, and, when he wearies of the diversion, Merlin attaches her to himself in the same unpleasant way. The sojourn of Fulk and Isoult in the House of the Black Mere begins as an idyll and ends in a glorious fight, in which Isoult's arrows account for a goodly percentage of the enemy.

Love Insurance. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

In his second novel Mr. Biggers displays the same characteristics which marked his first, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and just as that was transformed from a novel into a highly successful farce, so we may expect to see the present work presented in the dramatic form to which in theme and in treatment it seems adapted. Indeed, in its stage

version this story will very possibly prove more acceptable than in its present form. Mr. Biggers's humor is not particularly subtle, and it is aided considerably by the interpretation of the living voice and by the slap-dash methods of farce. The situation, in the unfolding of which we are invited to participate, is farcical enough. Lord Harrowby, an impecunious elder son of an English peer, engaged to and in love with an American millionairess of great sprightliness and charm, decides, in the gambling spirit which has brought his progenitors to penury, to insure at Lloyds against any hitch occurring, not of his own making, to interfere with the wedding. A romantically inclined speculator writes him a policy; and, although he expresses full confidence in the honor of an English nobleman, it is felt that it may be well to send a trustworthy representative of the firm to San Marco, where the wedding is to take place, to keep an eye on his lordship, and, so far as may be possible, to see to it that no hitch occurs. The story concerns the adventures and perplexities of this conscientious servant of Lloyds. It is sufficient to say that no servant of that famous institution was ever surrounded by more troubles or surmounted them with more ingenuity; nor has any small place ever seen gathered together a greater array of rogues, grafters, and conspirators than met at the sleepy Spanish town of San Marco for the confusion of the British nobility and a British insurance firm.

The Laughing Cavalier. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is no new thing for a picture or a statue to stimulate an author's fancy to the weaving around it of legends of his own creation. The Mona Lisa and the Venus de Milo have inspired more than one piece of fiction—and many more than a century of sonnets. But, so far as we know, Frans Hals's irresistibly debonair Laughing Cavalier, with the merry eye, the rakish cock of hat, and the insolent twirl of moustache, has never before been made the hero of a novel. Baroness Orczy has seen the opportunity and seized it. Furthermore, she has ingeniously linked her latest book with an earlier success, by making the Laughing Cavalier an ancestor of that delicious daredevil of the Revolution, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." In daredeviltry the ancestor is worthy of his illustrious descendant; indeed, the characteristics of the two heroes are so similar that Baroness Orczy is wise in her generation in making them of one family: one is tempted to think that here resemblance explains consanguinity rather than consanguinity resemblance. The attempt to repeat a success is always fraught with perils, and these the author has not escaped. Comparison is invited and the later book suffers by it. But the story, the scene of which is laid in the Netherlands in the days when plots were rife against the life of Maurice of Nassau, Stadtholder of Holland, is exciting and readable, and the character of the Laughing Cavalier, a penni-

less soldier of fortune who wins through a series of thrilling adventures to wife and fortune, is well limned, and for those who, like the Baroness Orczy, have the seeing eye, may all be read in the wonderfully expressive face that looks out on us from the canvas painted nearly 300 years ago.

The Wall Between. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a sort of tract, dealing with the position of the non-commissioned officer in the American army. The hero is a son who has sacrificed his reputation to save his father's memory, has left his Eastern home under a cloud, and after some drifting has enlisted as a private of marines. He is a gentleman and (almost of course) an ex-college athlete. When the action opens he has made his way by merit to the responsible office of quartermaster-sergeant; but he is still an enlisted man, and therefore inferior socially to any officer who holds a commission. The particular officer chosen as a foil is a lieutenant, whose father is a Congressman and whose place has been virtually bought. He is a cad and a coward, and has no chance at all with the author or the hero, not to speak of the heroine. Our Sergeant Kendall has just reenlisted when he is discovered by a classmate, a rich man, who sees nothing in the army distinction between officer and enlisted man. Kendall pays him a visit as an equal, and the trouble begins. There is the beautiful girl ready to fall in love with him. She is naturally related to a superior officer in Kendall's station. The lieutenant appears on the scene, aspires to the lady, and tries to put down the sergeant. But, of course, the sergeant is not put down, and the lady is not put out, by the discovery of his debased rank. All that remains necessary is a sufficient number of incidents and adventures to make the course of true love rough enough to be interesting. They are duly supplied by an experienced caterer for the juvenile palate, and include the prescribed bit of South American warfare, in which the hero distinguishes himself beyond praise if not beyond belief.

THE CAREER OF EDWARD DOWDEN.

Letters of Edward Dowden and his Correspondents. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

The daughters of the late Irish critic, Edward Dowden, have brought together in a somewhat hasty manner his letters, with some of the replies from his correspondents. Mr. J. D. McQuisten has prepared an incomplete index, and Mr. W. K. Magee contributes an encomiastic preface. The collection is welcome. Dowden, the critic, with his ethical preoccupations, his imaginative conjectures, his elucidation of the structural ideas underlying various creative works, is well known. These informal utterances reveal his diffident but winning personality, throw light on his professional and literary interests, and are in themselves valuable as a

record of life-long absorption in the best that is known and thought in the world.

Though from Cork, Dowden was reared in ignorance of Irish traditions and Irish aspirations. He strongly opposed the centenary celebration of Tom Moore's birth. Until he was nearly forty he "did not even know of the existence of Meave and Deirdre and Cuchullain." He could sincerely add: "I am infinitely glad that I spent my early enthusiasm on Wordsworth and Spenser and Shakespeare, and not on anything Ireland ever produced." So thoroughly did he disbelieve in whipping the Irish "on to a national sentimentalism prepense" that he "gave much time during twenty-five years to resisting Home Rule."

This seeming perversity is of a piece with the devotion of his whole life. After a brilliant undergraduate career in Trinity College, Dublin, he at the early age of twenty-four became professor of English literature and oratory there. His professional duties, however, were a thorn in the flesh. By the end of the first decade he was writing, "I have been eating the sands of existence, my inward parts are filled with the east wind." He deplored so deeply the loss of time in preparing lectures that when Johns Hopkins offered him five thousand dollars he declined, writing his brother: "Evidently this is the Hercules choice of poverty or riches offered me [his salary at Trinity was at the time about eight hundred dollars] and I should think my three bairns would have an opener career for their talents in Yankeeedom. But 'to found a school of English literature' in Baltimore would mean a life of teaching what I already know, instead of trying to know more; and I do not choose to gain the world and lose my own soul."

His was a devotion that suffered no flagging and no distractions. For a time, to be sure, he found "almost pure pleasure" in writing verse. But even in his thirties he confessed it "hard to write verse except in clear spaces of time, unvexed by other concerns." He later agreed with J. B. Yeats's criticism that all his poems had a furtive look, as if he were ashamed to confess himself a poet. His family and some of his friends liked to think of him as a creative soul stifled under the burdens of work-a-day routine, but the present record indicates that the greater passion swallowed up the less. He cared for no form of recreation. From the age of sixteen, when we see him tramping the English Lake District in sunshine and rain, until his second marriage at fifty-two, when he began spending vacations at seashore or in travel, he seemed incapable of relaxing his varied literary interests. His only genuine pastime was book-collecting. In that he had rare success. For two shillings he got the original edition of "Epi-psychidion," and a few minutes later discovered an "Empedocles on Etna." He was the first to pick up a copy of Shelley's "Refutation of Deism." Some nine years later he purchased for twopence the copy of it which Shelley had presented to Mary Godwin. In telling contrast with his summary treat-

ment of travel or his satire on golf is his crowing over such finds.

Not even his enormous reading was recreation. During a troublesome cold he once wrote: "I have indulged myself in a lazy fit of reading without a purpose, which I find delightful for a while." From boyhood he had turned all his perusing of books and essays to account in a succession of articles contributed to the English reviews. The curious feature of his labors is that, though he had facile sympathy with many differing souls in literature, he cherished no abiding passion. He is best remembered for his Shakespeare criticism, yet his works on Shakespeare he refers to without pride, and it is now evident that he never acquired a love of dramatic poetry. Of his first book he wrote in the summer of 1874: "My Shakespeare lectures get on very slowly, but they will in the end get written." While he finished them that autumn, he only partly liked them, and hoped "to turn to other things." He did plan very soon a "Mind and Art of Goethe," but publishers kept him busy with Shakespeare-editing the remainder of his life—commissions which he accepted with reluctance and fulfilled without enthusiasm. Editing the "Sonnets" he regarded as "stupid industry." When Kegan Paul urged him to become chief editor of a new edition of Shakespeare, he remarked: "Possibly I may if it looks promising for pot-boiling ends."

The great dramatist made him a citizen of the world, but his vows he paid to other authors. Southey was not one of these. He much preferred to do Coleridge for Morley, but was at length persuaded to take up Southey. As a piece of writing he was rather complacent over it, but once it was done his thoughts seldom returned to it. Indeed, the only undertaking he entered upon with whole-hearted eagerness was the life of Shelley. When Sir Henry Taylor, who had been mightily pleased with his Southey, procured him the invitation to become Shelley's biographer, with the private material of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley at his command, he shouted that he was more delighted than if he had been offered a bishopric. He wrote everybody about it, declaring he meant to do his best with so fine a theme. His enthusiasm was maintained by many discoveries. One reason, probably a weighty reason, for the "adoration" of which Matthew Arnold so unreservedly complained, is betrayed in a letter to his brother. "My crucial chapter, which I read for you, has given entire satisfaction to Sir P. and Lady Shelley. This, although it was more like a judge's charge than an advocate's speech. And I am pleasantly surprised." Yet after its publication he wrote Aubrey de Vere: "I shall . . . leave Shelley, from whom I can now win little more impulse or instruction."

That is the history of his life. An unquenchable thirst for things of the mind, which, no sooner had he quaffed deeply of one spring, would send him off in search of others which he had glimpsed in his explorations. Though one fountain might gush

forth more beautifully than the rest, he was ever lured on by some distant gleam or plashing. This youthful freshness of outlook was accompanied by an unfurried judgment—displayed notably in the matter of Shelley's life. After Matthew Arnold's chastisement in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1888, he declared to his brother that he had "not felt the least inclination to reply to Matt," adding, shrewdly, "Matt's article will not be accepted, except by a portion of my readers, and no restatement of my position probably would alter their feeling." Still, the memory rankled: his reference to the article as a "chastisement" came twelve years later.

There was nothing combative in his temperament. These letters, on the contrary, tell of a diffidence concerning his own attainments that in so respected a critic is peculiarly winning. He had an increasing number of friends while he lived, and his correspondence, with its revelation of rare modesty combined with unwavering interest in the intellectual life, may win many, even of those who do not admire his criticism, to regard Edward Dowden as worthy of Mr. Magee's apotheosis of him as a "saint of culture."

STORIES FROM THE ORIENT.

Korean Folk Tales: Imps, Ghosts, and Fairies. Translated from the Korean of Im Bang and Yi Ryuk, by James S. Gale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Korean authors from whom these tales are taken were born two hundred years apart. Yi Ryuk was a contemporary of Erasmus, and lived before the cruel invasion of his country by the Japanese Hideyoshi, when Korea was still far ahead of her neighbor in civilization and letters. Im Bang was a contemporary of Dryden, and lived in the period of national listlessness that followed the Manchu conquest. Some of the cleverest of these stories are not folk tales at all, but racy anecdotes with a moral to them. Yi Ryuk, indeed, is very fond of the moralizing anecdote. There is much humor in Im Bang's story of "The Resourceful Wife"; it is much racier than the better-known one of the Korean Lucrece, who, by cutting off her nose, spoiled herself for the King's harem. A lustful tyrant sat on the throne of Korea, and was in the habit of snatching from her husband any Korean lady who took his fancy.

In these days of trouble there was a young wife of a certain minister who was very beautiful in form and face. One day it fell about that she was ordered into the palace. Other women, when called, would cry, and behave as though their lives were forfeited; but this young woman showed not the slightest sign of fear. She dressed and went straight into the palace. King Yong-san saw her, and ordered her to come close to him. She came, and then in a sudden manner the most terrible odor was noticeable. The King held his fan before his face, turned aside, spat, and said, "Dear me, I cannot stand this one; take her away," and so she escaped undefiled.

How it came about was thus: She knew that she was likely to be called at any moment, and so had planned a ruse by which to escape. Two slices of meat she had kept constantly on hand, decayed and foul-smelling, but always ready. She placed these under her arms as she dressed, and went into the palace, and so provided this awful and unaccountable odor. All that knew of it praised her bravery and sagacity.

Though careful in details—we note only one error, *Chol-lo* (Brass Tiger) for *Chol-ho*, at page 96—the translator is careless as a stylist. He is often particularly at fault in the ambiguous use of “he,” that pitfall for inept writers, and is sometimes positively ungrammatical, as in the use of “she” for “her” (p. 16), and of “genii” as a singular noun (page 57). Why does he so constantly use “Korea’s” in place of the simpler adjective form “Korean”? Seeing that a first edition appeared many years ago across the Atlantic, some of these defects should have been removed. Weak as to diction, he fails also to suggest the Korean manner of life and thought. Some of his preliminary remarks to the stories are open to grave objection. For instance, take this note regarding a magician’s power of metamorphosing himself: “The transformation of men into beasts, bugs, and creeping things comes from Buddhism; one seldom finds it in Taoism.” Now, Buddhism has the doctrine or principle of transmigration, the passing of souls after death into other bodies according to a moral scheme of retribution or reward; but it is not associated as a system with the caprices of magic. Taoism descended into all kinds of magic and necromancy, but not through the influence of Buddhism. And what about the native Shamanism, preceding all these foreign cults? Again, the story of Charan, which leads the series, portrays a young man of birth, the only son of fond parents, as dancing with a pretty dancing-girl, on his sixteenth birthday, and “delighting the assembled guests. . . . They came out and danced like fairies.” His father, the Governor, commanded that “from that day forth she be the special dancing-maiden to attend upon his son.” And yet at the foot of this same page we are told that his parents objected to the friendship that grew up between the two, because to “have a dancing-girl before you are married is not good form, and will interfere with your marriage prospects and promotion.” Finally, the love-lorn youth ran away from home and official duties to pass a life in disguise with the girl. The story needs explanation or alteration; as it stands, it seems out of focus with Oriental notions of dignity and decency.

The various snake, fox, magpie, and ghost stories are interesting, both in themselves and to students of comparative folk-lore. But the narrative frequently halts as if the translator had not quite grasped the original story. It is a pity that the good material he uses lacks the final cultural and philosophical finish that would give it a permanent place on the shelf.

Notes

In noticing “My Days of Adventure,” by Ernest A. Vizetelly, we gave the publishers as Chatto & Windus, London. We should have stated that the book is issued in this country by Duffield & Co.

Henry Holt & Company announce the forthcoming publication of “Belshazzar Court,” by Simeon Strunsky; “The Changing Drama,” by Archibald Henderson, and the English translation of the second volume of Martin Anderson Nexø’s Danish novel, which is entitled “Pelle the Conqueror; Probation.”

“Water Reptiles of the Past and Present,” by Samuel Wendell Williston, is announced for publication by the University of Chicago Press.

A. C. McClurg & Company announce the forthcoming publication of “Britton of the Seventh,” by Cyrus Townsend Brady, and “The House of the Dawn,” by Marah Ellis Ryan.

Paul Elder & Company will publish shortly: “Bohemian San Francisco,” by Clarence E. Edwards; “Our Changed Conception of God,” by Charles Sumner Nash; “Verses from Many Seas,” by Fred Warner Carpenter.

Sorel’s “Reflections on Violence” has been translated by T. E. Hulme and will be published shortly by B. W. Huebsch.

The Oxford University Press announces that the following volumes are in preparation: “A Glossary of Tudor and Stuart Words,” by W. W. Skeat, completed by A. L. Mayhew; “English University Drama, 1540-1603,” by F. S. Boas; “Map’s de Nugis Curialium,” edited by M. R. James; “Studies in the Odyssey,” by J. A. K. Thomson; “Concise Dante Dictionary,” by Paget Toynbee; “Catalogue of Coins in the Punjab Museum, Lahore,” by R. B. Whitehead; “Music of Hindostan,” by A. H. Fox Strangways.

Announcement is made by the American-Scandinavian Foundation that it has undertaken the publication of a series of Scandinavian classics in English translation. The two volumes of the series already announced are: “Comedies by Holberg: Jeppe of the Hill, The Political Tinker, Erasmus Montanus,” translated from the Danish by Oscar James Campbell, jr.; “Poems by Tegnér: The Children of the Lord’s Supper, Frithiof’s Saga,” translated from the Swedish by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and the Rev. W. Lowery Blackley, with an introduction by Paul Robert Lieder. The Foundation also announces the establishment of a series of Scandinavian monographs, of which “The Voyages of the Norsemen to America,” by William Hovgaard, is the first. The following classics are in preparation: “Master Olaf,” by August Strindberg, translated by Edwin Björkman; “Poems and Songs of Björnson,” translated by Arthur Hubbell Palmer; “Essays by Kierkegaard,” translated by Lee M. Hollander; “Three Modern Icelandic Dramas,” translated by the same: “The Prose Edda of Snorri Sturluson,” translated by Arthur Brodeur; “Danish Popular Ballads,” selected by Axel Olrik and translated by E. M. Smith-Dam-pier; “The Book of Little Brother,” by Gustaf af Geijerstam, translated by Edwin Björkman.

The second series of Anatole France’s “On Life and Letters” appears in a translation by A. W. Evans, published by John Lane as part of the complete works. These *causeries*, which were first printed in the *Temps* about twenty years ago, record the impressions and digressions of M. France’s soul in the presence of the books of the day. For systematic criticism he avows his admiration and his incapacity. The best books, he holds, are those which set one to thinking of something else. Among these, presumably, are a French bibliography, which set him to thinking of a couple of old priestly quay-haunting bibliophiles of his acquaintance; Gazier’s “New Illustrated School Dictionary,” which set him to thinking of the weather and the time of year, and Renan’s “History of the People of Israel,” which plunged him into a reverie upon the Noah’s Ark and the illustrated Bible of his childhood. These illustrations perhaps exaggerate M. France’s delightful irresponsibility as a reviewer. On sufficient provocation he can be both tart and systematic. There is neither deviation nor remorse in his demonstration that the novels of Georges Ohnet are “outside literature,” in his exposure of Zola’s “purity,” or in his resentment at the symbolists for forcing him to disturb the dreams of life by attempting to understand them. To tell the truth, M. France was too much a lover of lucidity and distinction of style to be smitten with the younger generation. He is happiest when the work of a contemporary reminds him of a classic, and he can spend his critical virtue in describing his “pleasant astonishment before the beauty of things.”

A recently published dispatch announces that M. France, now in his seventy-first year, has volunteered for the European war. Before accepting his sword the Ministry may well look into his previous military record as set down in “On Life and Letters,” and consider how he is likely to spend his time in the trenches. “In 1870,” he says, “we had gone to the war together, Fernand Calmette and I, as private soldiers in a regiment of the mobilized National Guard, under the orders of brave Capt. Chalamel. Side by side, wearing the cap with red piping and the brass-buttoned pilot jacket, we defended Paris as well as we could, but I must admit that we were soldiers of a special sort. I remember that, during the battle of December 2, having been placed in reserve under the fort of La Faisanderie, we read Virgil’s ‘Silenus,’ amid the noise of shells falling into the Marne. Whilst the Prussian batteries sent white clouds of smoke afloat upon the hills on the horizon of the gray and bare country, we two, seated on the river bank, near the piled rifles, our heads leaning over a copy of Bliss’s little ‘Virgil,’ which I have yet, and which is dear to me, were making comments upon that cosmogony, which the poet, by a delightful caprice, enshrined in an idyll.” Since in this conflict, as we have been informed, the Prussians are fighting to defend their Virgils from the allied barbarians, the passage lends some color to the accusation that M. France is in sympathy with the enemy.

The fiction form adopted by Edward S. Curtis in his “Indian Days of the Long Ago” (Yonkers, N. Y.: World Book Company; \$1) is not allowed to defeat the aim of the book, which is to give “a more intimate view

of Indian life in the old days." By this view is meant not merely the ways that all the Indians had in common, but also the less often presented divergencies among them, in dress and habits as well as in language. The little volume, which is attractively made, suggests the readers from which children nowadays learn in an interesting way more about the cave men than most of their parents will ever know from any other source. But it is not designed for persons quite so youthful, although it will be enjoyed by boys and girls who have passed the primer stage. The beauty and the value of its pages are enhanced not only by reproductions of photographs taken by the author and by drawings by F. N. Wilson, but also by musical scores of Indian tunes. The announcement of another book by the same author, with a similar aim, to be entitled "In the Days of Vancouver," moves one to envy young readers of the present day their opportunities in the way of books.

"The Girl Who Found the Blue Bird" (Dodd, Mead; \$1 net) is the account of a visit to Helen Keller by Georgette Leblanc (Madame Maurice Maeterlinck). The translation is by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. The record is surcharged with emotion, Madame Maeterlinck burying her observations under an avalanche of sentiment. Miss Keller emerges here and there, and stands momentarily distinct, to the great relief of the onlooker. The little book is an unimportant addition to what we might as well begin to refer to as Kelleriana.

"As far as the material available admitted, I have allowed Ouida to tell her own story"—thus writes Elizabeth Lee in the preface to "Ouida: A Memoir" (Duffield & Co; \$3 net). And this is the best way. The material here referred to consists largely of extracts from the novelist's letters, together with occasional self-revealing passages from her published works. Ouida's place in literature has already been settled, and judgment passed, so that, while part of the present book is devoted to that phase of the subject, we shall deal, rather, with the author's account of Ouida, the woman. This will be found to bear out, in the main, the estimate more or less generally current. Ouida was a mass of apparent contradictions. Possessed of considerable political *flair*, she made herself a laughing-stock by posing as a power in politics: "Once in London I wrote what threw a bill out of the Commons, and you know how rare it is for a writer to turn votes in England." In 1885, writing to the Marchesa Incontri, née Galitzin, she says: "A very great English statesman, were there such a thing, would have seen the grandeur of an alliance which, giving Russia Constantinople, and taking Afghanistan for Great Britain, would have laid the foundations of a durable accord, and held the ambition of Germany in check." Perhaps! In any case few will deny the advantage to England of an earlier good understanding with Russia. Her humanitarianism was very real, but its expression often ridiculous. Her dog-cemetery at the Villa Farinola shocked the thrifty Italians as being both irreligious and wasteful. Her superheated espousal of the cause of the Italian peasant leads us to look for her always on the side of the under-dog—a location which must have appealed to her. Yet, in 1881, she writes: "Ireland is in a frightful state; it wants military law." Again in 1882: "Arabi should have been shot in the twenty-four hours." Of

the guilt of Dreyfus she was "convinced." She was anti-Chamberlain before she was pro-Boer—which she was violently enough until the "burghers" gave in, when she felt "an unmixed disgust and disappointment. I thought the Boers, at least, knew how to die, and would show the old Thermopylean spirit to the end"—this in spite of her frequent fulminations against war. Her personal vanity was shameless, as it was piteous. Intellectually she was no less vain, as witness her advice to Fisher Unwin: "Keep my book at the head of your advertisement lists; you have nothing to equal it." And to Tauchnitz: "I think you will find 'The Massarenes' worth ten thousand 'Triblys.'" Perhaps, as our author suggests, much that puzzles us in Ouida's character may be explained as the result of a certain self-absorption which grew on her till she "came to regard herself rather as a heroine of one of her own books than as an ordinary woman living in an ordinary world."

Serious students of philosophy are sure to welcome the volume of "Essays on Truth and Reality" (Oxford University Press; \$4.15 net), in which F. H. Bradley reprints, among other papers, his contributions to *Mind* for several years past. Most of the essays represent more or less, says Mr. Bradley, "the chapters of a book which I once intended to write." No new theses are offered; the present volume is rather a development and a defence of absolute idealism with reference to the issues that have arisen since the publication of the author's "Appearance and Reality" and is concerned especially with the recent discussion of the meaning of truth. It is impossible to give any brief summary of the argument of so subtle and discursive a thinker. "In this volume I have urged that what matters and what is ultimately good is the Whole, and that there is no aspect of life which, abstracted and set utterly by itself, can retain goodness. And on the other side I have insisted . . . upon the absolute, the unassailable, right of every aspect of life to its own place, function, and liberty." Such special rights are considered in essays, or appendices, on pragmatism, for which the author apologizes, and on radical empiricism, which he gladly acknowledges, and on some points in the philosophy of Bertrand Russell. Mr. Bradley has lost none of his skill as a dialectician, but his tone has become less rasping and more comfortable for the reader. Despite the fact that absolute idealism now stands with its back to the wall against all other schools of philosophy, he is able to say in his preface that "It is a satisfaction to me, when approaching the end of my own career, to note (whatever school or tendency may from time to time be in fashion) the increasing devotion amongst us to metaphysical inquiry. There has been, I think, a rise in the general level of English philosophical thought such as fifty years ago might well have seemed incredible."

The "Collected Essays of Rudolf Eucken," translated by Meyrick Booth (Scribner; \$4 net), are for the most part a monotonous, yet melodious, reiteration of the theme repeated in all of the eight or ten works that have appeared in English translation in the last two or three years. Whether the title be "In Defence of Morality," "The Education of the People," "Pessimism," "The Reflection of the Age in its Concepts," or "Philosophical Parties," the story is the same: the dis-

persion of aims in modern life, the need of a creative and unifying spiritual movement. Yet there are some exceptions. The essay on "Goethe in his Relation to Philosophy" is an instructive piece of criticism; "Metaphors and Similes in Kant's Philosophy" is both curious and suggestive; while "The Importance of Great Thinkers" is inspiring and brings out well the element of individualism in Eucken's philosophy.

Since the individuality mainly in question is the individuality, *i. e.*, the teleological wholeness, of the world-order, "The Problem of Individuality" is a rather misleading title for the little volume containing Hans Driesch's four lectures before the University of London (Macmillan; \$1). The reader will look in vain for a statement of what constitutes an individual, biological or social. What he will find is a brief and clear, if not perfectly systematic, statement of the meaning of vitalism and the argument for it. This shows that vitalism has not yet gone beyond the negative attitude of Driesch's early papers. All that he can show is that physics and chemistry will not account for life. But if life is clearly not a mechanical process, it should be possible to state its distinguishing characteristics. And it is possible that, if Driesch should address himself to the task, he would find it no longer necessary to dwell upon the irrelevance of the non-mechanical and the psychical.

Guglielmo Ferrero's new volume, "Between the Old World and the New. A Moral and Philosophical Contrast," translated by A. Cecil Curtis (Putnam; \$2.50 net), is an attempt to set forth by means of dialogue the same contrast between older and newer conceptions of civilization which found expression in different form in his chapters on Ancient Rome and Modern America. The dignified formality of the Greek or Roman dialogue is entirely wanting. In a chance group of passengers sailing out of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro for Genoa a reference to New York as "the most beautiful city in the world, the model for the cities of the future, the 'Urbs' of the twentieth century," at once develops a clash of sentiments and ideas which, of course, prove irreconcilable, and continually find new material to work upon until the end of the voyage is reached. To relieve the pages from over-seriousness a thread, perhaps one had better say a good stout rope, of gossip runs through them, concerning a woman passenger whose external appearance of vast wealth is deftly seconded by stories put in circulation by her maid. One man on board knows her secret, and so the truth gradually takes the place of extravagant imaginations. She is the wife of an enormously wealthy banker, with an important social standing in Europe, as well as in both Americas, and is hurrying to New York via Europe on receipt of cabled information that her husband is quietly seeking a divorce in her absence. With a certain class of readers one fears that she may appear to be the *raison d'être* of the book. In the end, the tragedy of her life is put into the scales as possibly typical of a serious class of disadvantages inherent in the modern ideal of a "civilization without limits."

The absence of limits is the distinctive point, as developed in these dialogues, in

which the newer civilization differs from the old. The civilized nations of the Old World attained the various perfections which history sets to their credit because they were willing to work within well-defined limits. But, after the discovery of the New World, with its vast store of material resources, thus breaking the geographical limits of the past, men conceived the idea of sweeping away other limits as well. Quantity, material abundance, took the place of quality as the criterion of successful effort, and traditional conceptions which bravely threw themselves in the way of the new movement were but trampled upon for their pains. We have not room to detail here the way in which these problems are handled, from the varying points of view of the half-dozen characters brought into the discussion. Ferrero's own misgivings as to the success and permanency of a civilization unwilling to hold itself within any sharply drawn limits are evident to the reader, though it must be said that he allows no one of the speakers to put up a very logical, consistent, and effective argument for the qualitative rather than the quantitative theory of progress. To say that both sides of the picture are exaggerated beyond the bounds of fact is only to say what is almost inevitably true of any literary contrast of the kind.

Charles Silvester Horne was not only one of the most eloquent preachers of his day, but a philanthropist of the highest type, who manifested by his zeal in good works the sincerity of his faith. "The Romance of Preaching" (Revell; \$1.25 net), comprising the eight lectures which he delivered before Yale University, for the Lyman Beecher Foundation—his last public utterances—offers convincing proof of his cultivation, his catholicity, and his rare spirituality. The title was happily chosen. To him the office of the preacher was the noblest and most fruitful of all human vocations, and his brilliant review of its history from the earliest ages to the present time has all the glow and fascination of the loftiest romance. To the vagaries of theology, well versed as he was in them, he pays little attention. Making no assertion of its literal infallibility, he sturdily upholds the Bible as the one sufficient and indisputable record of divine truth and the Gospel of Christ as the only philosophy of life that can insure the happiness of man now or his perfection hereafter. It is not necessary to follow the course of his narrative, but it should be said that his studies of the great prophets or preachers of the ages—from Moses and other Old Testament worthies through the apostolic period to the days of Athanasius, Chrysostom, Francis of Assisi, John Knox, Wesley, Whitefield, and more modern churchmen—are singularly able and discriminating. The true significance of his book lies not so much in its robust faith as in its contempt for the mystifications arising out of mere ecclesiastical creeds, and its insistence upon the divine brotherhood of man and the rights to which that brotherhood entitles him. In that respect, though his arguments have a religious and spiritual rather than a social or economic basis, Mr. Horne is in full sympathy with the best secular thought. In his eyes there is the potentiality of the ancient prophet in every preacher who is fully alive to the privileges and responsibilities of his mission. The need of the world, he proclaims, is a spiritual renaissance. Therefore he lays great

stress upon the urgent need for a better equipped and a more spiritually devoted clergy. Nothing could be more fallacious, he argues, than the idea that a preacher, if sincere in his own belief, could afford to despise the resources of the highest culture. No weapon in the armories of literature or science is superfluous to the Christian warrior. Apart from its nobility of intent, and its practical common-sense, this book exercises a special charm by virtue of its grace and vigor of literary style, its rich and apt quotation, and its complete freedom from sentimental gush. The most hardened skeptic on the subject of divine inspiration could scarcely doubt either the wisdom or the practicability of its social philosophy.

To the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, Major-Gen. A. W. Greely contributes a suggestive account of the France of to-day, in which he treats of the every-day life of its people, mainly derived from personal impressions. Much useful information of the same character in regard to Belgium, "the innocent bystander," is given by Mr. W. J. Showalter. The concluding article is upon the German nation, in which the writer, whose name is not given, shows the recent marvelous progress of the people in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and education. In the coming numbers, it is announced, there will be similar articles on Austria-Hungary, Great Britain, and other countries now at war. The admirable illustrations, 106 in number, are of great interest.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The social strain of the war is being felt in some of the London clubs. British born and bred members are objecting to the unpleasant experience of having to drink their coffee or read their papers in the same rooms with persons of German or Austrian origin, even though these unwelcome immigrants have long ago been naturalized. In one club, at least, the committee has sent out a notice to the latter class of members requesting them to refrain from visiting the club during the war. The result, of course, has been several resignations, and many indignant comments from victims who declare themselves "as good Englishmen" as any member of the committee.

The English universities open the new academic year under conditions that have had no parallel since the Civil War in the seventeenth century. Pembroke College, Cambridge, has only 65 undergraduates in residence, as against 274 last year. Cambridge, as a whole, is expected to number no more than about 1,500, out of a normal 3,500. Both at Oxford and Cambridge some of the college buildings left vacant by the enlistment of members of the University are housing wounded soldiers. The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, Dr. T. B. Strong, has announced that he intends to recognize military uniform as academic dress.

In the course of his speech on being admitted to office for the second year, the Vice-Chancellor—who is also Dean of Christ Church—made a kindly reference to the Germans who had come to Oxford of recent years in increasing numbers, both under the Rhodes trust and otherwise. Oxonians had welcomed them, he said, and loved them. They had never believed, and they did not believe now, that these men were spies, and that all their frank and direct intercourse with them was unreal. Dr. Strong spoke rather des-

simistically as to the future. The two nations were at war on such terms that it was difficult to see how a time of real friendship could ever come again. If the catastrophe could have been prevented for a few years longer, it might have been averted altogether, for there might have been so many private friendships that the state of public war might have been impossible.

Gustave Hervé is that university professor whose picturesque expression of Socialism in the past brought him and his popular paper, *La Guerre Sociale*, into trouble again and again. His violent opposition to the nationalism which so often blocks the international action of labor led him to his most notorious utterance about "planting the flag in the dunghill." The explosion of war has cleared his thought. From the start, he reminded French Socialists in rude terms that their internationalism did not mean lying down under the German military heel, and that all their duty was to France that bore them. His tone has become that of Paul Deroulède's prophetic verse:

Strike for your Mother,
If you love her!

To Hervé as much as to any one is due the hearty union of Revolutionary France—Socialists and Syndicalists and Anarchists even—with all the rest of the French people in fighting as one man for their national existence. No one wields a greater power of speech; and he knows the part of sentiment in popular movements. Each day his paper prints a war song, giving no uncertain sound. The best one is not far from great poetry, with all its simplicity. It is signed "Silvain Pitt," an unknown and perhaps an occasional name, but surely of a true poet of France. The names on which he rings his changes will be recognized as those of places in which the bitter fight has been waged:

CHIMES OF VICTORY.

All names of France are beautiful!
Names of cities, names of hills,
Names of woods and villages,
Names of oaks and names of elms,
Names of families, names of towns,
Names of wines and cider too—

Of Brittany or Normandy,
Isle of France or Picardy!
Noyon, Guiseard, and Coucy!
Quertancourt! Lassigny!
Compiègne!
Compiègne!

Drink to the health of France, my friends!
Bordeaux, Burgundy, Champagne, and Cléry!
Friends of England, Friends of Russia,
Friends of Cracow and of Warsaw,
Each bit of earth snatched from the foe,
Washed in our blood, to us be dearer!
Montmirail! Luzancy!
Meaux! Manteuil! Château-Thierry!
Poland!
Poland!

Like us, glass to glass,
Heart to heart,
Ring, Bells—Cannon, thunder in the air
Without blame and without fear:
Ring for our kindred, ring for our friends!
Ring for the newborn and for those who marry!
Ring a second and a fourth, and the third of Picardy!
Ring for those who die at the front for their country!
For Liège and for Louvain, and for Brussels too,
For Compiègne and Maubeuge, for Rheims and for Nancy!
Saint-Quentin! Saint-Denis!
Senlis! Soissons and Corbie!
Péronne!
Péronne!
France is in danger!
If metal should fail,
O Bells and Chimes,

Down from your bell-towers
And turn you to cannon!
When our Country's risen again,
When new Easters we must sing,
To bells we'll melt you once again!
Blévacourt! Carlepont!
Sens! Tonnerre! Clermont! Dijon!
Argonne!
Argonne!
Châteaudun, Domrémy!
Lyons, Rennes, Strasburg, and Paris!
Versailles!
Versailles!

Science

FOODS APPROVED BY DR. WILEY.

How to Cook and Why. By Elizabeth Condit and Jessie A. Long. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1 net.

1001 Tests of Foods, Beverages, and Toilet Accessories. By Harvey W. Wiley. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.25 net.

Until a few years ago a cookbook was simply a collection of recipes, giving the ingredients of hundreds of classified dishes. For experienced cooks such a book was a help, but for beginners it was a most incomplete guide. It did not seem to occur to those who compiled these volumes that to put a book of recipes in the hands of a young wife, and place her in front of the stove in the expectation of having her at once prepare an edible meal for her husband, was as ridiculous as it would be to seat a girl at the piano with a collection of pieces before her and expect her to play them without previous instruction. In recent years several cookbooks have appeared in which the elementary principles of cooking were discussed, and now we are getting books in which there are no recipes at all, but only general information about foods and the different ways of preparing them for the table. The latest of these is by Elizabeth Condit, assistant supervisor in household science at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and Jessie A. Long, instructor in cooking at the same institution. It is intended as a "first aid" to school-girls learning to cook and to housewives in general.

The authors have scant sympathy with the housewife who said in a tone of virtuous rebuke: "I give very little time to cooking. We eat to live only." Their appeal is to those who realize how greatly our health, efficiency, and happiness are dependent on the intelligent selection and preparation of our daily meals. What these pages attempt to answer is the question: "How can I plan the food of the family so as to give them the right foods rightly prepared at the least cost?" One of the principal lessons inculcated is the need of variety in American meals, and the writers explain how an ingenious housewife can cultivate the taste of children and adults, making them eager for vegetables and other foods previously scorned by them. Those who think—and there are many who do—that, largely for reasons of economy, they must have potatoes two or three times a day, are confronted with the statement that "maca-

roni, rice, cornmeal, carrots, offer practically the same material at less cost."

The chapter heading *The Indispensable Vegetable*, does not mean that the authors advocate a meatless diet, for another chapter is entitled *Why Meat is Important*. In speaking of seafood, they repeat the groundless charge that lobster is indigestible. A more serious matter is the amazing hopefulness regarding the quality of American butter, manifested on pages 140-141, in face of the Government authorities' discouraging observations on the subject. An epicure must object to the statement that fish, no matter how cooked, is made more appetizing by being served with a tart sauce. Much to be commended, on the other hand, are the remarks on hot bread, and why it is shunned by many. The gastronomic millennium will be near when Americans realize that "underdone bread is the cause of more than half the dyspepsia in the land." Among the other maxims one feels tempted to quote, as warnings much needed, are these: "It is not advisable for young children to eat the uncooked banana"; and "The housekeeper who goes to the market selects the best vegetables, while what is left goes to fill the telephoned order."

Dr. Wiley's new book is one which will be eagerly consulted by all those who, while willing to do their own marketing, do not always know what to buy, because of the many conflicting claims of excellence to be found in the advertising pages of periodicals. What are the best baking powders, the best flours, cereals, coffees, teas, and chocolates in the market? What canned soups, meats, fish, vegetables are free from objectionable preservatives and coloring matter? What candies and condiments are safe to use? These and similar questions regarding dried fruits, olive oil, butter and its substitutes, as well as regarding household remedies and disinfectants, soaps, tooth powders, perfumes, and other toilet articles, are answered briefly, the verdicts being based on careful chemical tests. The book does not attempt to cover all the brands and labels in the market, and it is not intended either as a white list or a black list. Those articles which were found most in accordance with the highest standards are starred. Others are marked with an N, denoting a non-committal rating between 76 and 84, while a third class comprises disapproved products, which are marked D. One should note, however, that it is explained, where necessary, that not a few of the best known foods and toilet articles are denied the star, not because they are not good, but because too much is asserted of them. By toning down their claims on the labels, the makers of these products can earn the star.

This is one of the ways in which Dr. Wiley has benefited the community. The tests have been made under his direction, and arranged by Anne Lewis Pierce, formerly of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture. They were first published in the *Good Housekeeping Magazine*, the manufacturers thus receiving a chance to win a star,

or at least an N, by improving their products or modifying their claims before the lists appeared in book form. In an introductory chapter Dr. Wiley briefly describes the "Pure Food Battle" in Washington, which "was and is a struggle for human rights as much as the Revolution or the Civil War," being "a battle for the privilege of going free of robbery and with a guarantee of health." He explains that he finally resigned in order to leave a place in which "all the foremen had been my enemies," ready to "stab me in the back." Needless to say, there are some fierce thrusts at the Remsen Board, thanks to which "a food manufacturer may put a shovelful of benzoate into any quantity of food," besides continuing to use other preservatives the dangerous nature of which was pointed out by Dr. Wiley seven years ago.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Drama

"PYGMALION."

With strange foresight Bernard Shaw caused his "Pygmalion" to be brought out first in Germany and so made hay before the advent of the war-cloud. After profitable runs in that country and in London, it comes to New York at a time when his nonsense offers welcome relief. In business sagacity Mr. Shaw is as forward as in all other matters.

"Pygmalion" is indeed something more than amusing. Though lacking the verbal smartness of "Man and Superman," and the "go" of even "Fanny's First Play," it holds forth a promise implicit in none of his former pieces. It shows signs that his humor is mellowing. A whole series of impertinences which were formerly urged with a downrightness of serious argument now fall into subordinate positions, and receive the right emphasis to provoke unreserved merriment. So his favorite propaganda against middle-class morality issues from the lips of a "dustman," one below the station of middle class who thus may be treated with no more respect by the audience than that accorded to one of Shakespeare's wise fools. It would be splendid irony if we could believe that Shaw had accepted a lesson from the great master whom he pretends to condemn.

The question of Shaw's conscious intention in this respect need not be pressed. It is quite possible that he had no such design; that having a central theme with no direct bearings upon moral smugness, he chose to satirize this in a minor capacity simply that he might obtain delectable filling. But he is too shrewd not to observe the satisfactory result. There is thus a chance that his eyes may be opened to the real opportunity for his cherished attacks. Emphasis in such matters is everything. No dramatist should hope to uproot traditions of the most vital importance by means of a play or two. His best hope should be to cause certain, probably small, modifications, and these will not come from leaving his audiences no legs to stand on. At most, people will roar and forthwith settle back into their old ways as being the best at their disposal. But indirect satire injects stings without opening the author to the reproach of being a nihilist in sacred matters.

In a word, "Pygmalion" is the first of Shaw's plays which will appear to most per-

sons to be rightly centred. For its chief concern it has an object which may be riddled in the typical Shavian manner without offending decency. We have the diverting spectacle of a cockney flower-girl developing in six months into an almost perfect lady of fashion through the agency of a skilled phonetician who has taken her in hand. The ludicrous transformation, while losing none of its humor, perhaps gets an added bit of probability by presentation in this country, where mushroom growths are not unknown. Yet in any land it will be accepted as a clever bit of satire.

For the purposes of a play Shaw felt obliged to give some depth to a character whose interest for the audience lies mainly on the surface. In chance meetings with persons it is, after all, the superficial appearance that counts, and in the present drama what the spectators are concerned about is the extent to which a girl of pleasing looks must mend her speech in order to pass in an assemblage as a lady. Eliza's gradual improvement, together with the occasional "breaks" made in public, is in itself matter of sufficient amusement. It cannot but bring up the picture, in lesser degree, of the valiant struggle of many a "beauty" of humble origin who has waked up to find herself possessed of title. The world knows by this time the scandal of Eliza's "bloody," but it is merely the climax of slips which the author has so contrived as to give them both a diverting and a pathetic interest; for it is pathetic, too, in a measure, to see Eliza make such a brave showing at Mrs. Higgins's tea, all the "h's" going well.

If the play had contained no more than such a study it would have been complete enough. Yet, with an actress of emotional power, like Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at his command, the temptation must have been great to any author to suggest complications of a deeper nature. These are being prepared for, even while the audience is intent upon Eliza's verbal success. For it is evident that she cannot long dwell in the household of her bachelor preceptor, even though properly chaperoned by a housekeeper, without becoming amorously susceptible. This situation, to which is given the greater share of the final scenes, is handled with some skill. The upshot of it all is not the usual exchange of vows, but an indication given that each has learned enough from the other to set up a mutual regard which may lead to something in the future. Eliza makes it clear that the professor has left out of the reckoning all thought of soul, and that, in this regard—the greatest, after all—the experiment is a total failure. Nor has the professor suspected that he himself will in vital ways miss the unfolding chrysalis, when the process is complete. Altogether, it is a neat ending, and represents Shaw's typical concession, made in last moments of his plays, that his cocksure heroes are themselves vulnerable.

One is tempted to dwell upon this play; it brings out so singularly the special province of Shaw's best talent. A man said to be earnest in the radical doctrines he preaches, he can claim distinction as a critic solely as a tester of life's consistency. He goes about with his little lantern looking for logical leaks, and discovers many. How they are to be plugged he scarcely even hints, and usually they are too big for his own finger. Yet his demonstration that they exist is often thrilling, and is seldom without suggestiveness. With this limited capability, he might well confine his main subjects to the airy, as

in the present play, and, so far as concerns stuff of more serious moment, insinuate it by the way. By such methods he has it in him to create works of sparkling felicity.

Mrs. Campbell gave an excellent performance of Eliza, and though, at least to an American, a flower-girl would seem to be a "slip of a thing," one often forgot Mrs. Campbell's maturer appearance in her splendid art. Particularly fine was her suggestion of depth and superior instinct in the final scenes. The danger of overdoing the emotional was nicely met. The part of Professor Higgins, which was taken in London by Sir Herbert Beer-bohm Tree, was well cared for by Philip Merivale. Indeed, American audiences are fortunate to see him in the part. He has the required eccentric energy and lacks the peculiar mannerisms which Sir Herbert would doubtless have exhibited.

F.

"A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS."

We fear that Mr. Cyril Harcourt, the author of the new play which Mr. Winthrop Ames presents at the Little Theatre, will not be disposed to plead with Sheridan, in his preface to "The Rivals," "an extreme inexperience and want of judgment on matters in which, without guidance from practice, or spur from success, a young man should scarcely boast of being an adept." From long experience in stage matters, Mr. Harcourt evidently knows the tricks of the trade, and his judgment as to which one is sure to please an audience is good enough.

The idea of a play within a play was popular two thousand years before Hamlet, and few stage extravaganzas nowadays dispense with it; so we have, in the first act of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," a dress rehearsal of a play at a house party. That a divorced husband and wife should meet on such an occasion is almost inevitable, and what more natural than for the repentant (though almost innocent) husband to seek and give an explanation by stealing, in act second, properly disguised, into his former wife's bedroom—only to find there another man, before her marriage an adorer of his wife, but now the accepted lover of the *ingénue* of the play? The young man, of course, got there by accident, and he and the wife gag and tie the husband, naturally supposed to be a burglar, and lock him up in the bath-room, whence he escapes before the accidental entrance of the *ingénue*, who is somewhat surprised at the presence of her lover. The third act unravels the knot, and the husband, who, as he meant no harm, never suspected anybody, displays triumphantly the pair of silk stockings with which the not wholly innocent pair (there had been an exchange of kisses) had tied his legs. This satisfies the *ingénue*, and apparently the audience, which obviously enjoys both the play and the acting.

It would, perhaps, be scarcely worth while to inquire how much laughter all this provokes, were it not that, in the case of plays of this kind, the degree of hilarity is almost the only criterion of popular success. Lessing, in speaking of a performance of Regnard's "Démocrite," said that the play was a mass of faults and absurdities, that the plot was barren and the dialogue insipid, that there were on the stage a lot of persons who had nothing in particular to do, and yet that the audience laughed—the critic as well as the most ignorant spectator. Hence it follows, Lessing remarks, that the play must have possessed general merit which atoned

for its faults. The faults of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" are evident. Plot and characterization are both conventional, and the dialogue, though amusing enough in parts, is superficial and not particularly original. The outstanding merits of the production are to be found in the manner of its presentation. It is smoothly rendered by an exceedingly level and capable cast, in which are included Mr. Cyril Harcourt, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Clayton Greene, Miss Caroline Bayley, Miss Hamley-Clifford, and Miss Sybil Carlisle. Whatever success the piece achieves will be due in no small degree to the efforts of these players and of those who fill competently the subordinate rôles.

P.

"MR. WU."

"Mr. Wu," the play in which Mr. Walker Whiteside appears at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is a grim production in an Oriental setting, but we recognize it as the same old friend of whose popularity there has been a notable revival this year. It is simply old-fashioned melodrama, with a touch of novelty supplied by the unfamiliar setting. There is originality, too, and a welcome consistency in the fact that all of the Chinese characters who cannot be expected to have an acquaintance with the English language converse in their native tongue—or at any rate in as near an approach to that inaccessible language as the ingenuity of the individual players suggests to them. Artistically the play suffers from the prevalent complaint of stellaritis. It is built up for the glorification of the modulated accents and impressive impassivity of the star, and the subordinate rôles are not characters at all, but mere foils for the principal character.

For Mr. Whiteside's performance of Mr. Wu there can be nothing but praise. He portrays admirably the dignified celestial of aristocratic birth, and the combination of Western culture with Oriental traditions is well suggested. The plot is simple and time-honored. Mr. Wu, a Mandarin of Hong-kong and a graduate of Oxford, has a dear daughter who loves unwisely a young Englishman, Basil Gregory. The liaison is discovered, and the rest of the action is devoted to the vengeance of Mr. Wu, whose respect for his ancestors has constrained him to kill his erring daughter. Basil is kidnapped, and the business of Basil's father is subjected to a series of mysterious misfortunes. Finally the boy's mother appeals to Mr. Wu to use the influence which he notoriously exercises among the natives to recover her son. The mechanism whereby the arrangement is made that she shall come alone to his house, where her son will be restored to her, creaks a little, but it is necessary to lead up to the "big scene." The price of the son's freedom is to be the mother's dishonor—this is Mr. Wu's revenge. Naturally, so unpleasant a dénouement has to be averted, but the device by which a package of poison, intended for the mother as a last resort, is thrown through a window by a faithful maid, and is subsequently drunk by Mr. Wu (arrayed in robes of a passionate red), is of almost inconceivable clumsiness. Mr. Whiteside, however, dies a lingering and impressively realistic death; so this must justify the device.

It is all very blood-curdling and thrilling, but the objections that we have noted remain. And even granting that Mr. Whiteside is the whole affair, the play would be

a good deal more effective were the minor characters less incompetently acted. We must mention two exceptions: Miss Deirdre Doyle, as the mother, plays a part of considerable difficulty with distinction and restraint, resisting a temptation to rant which would prove invincible to an inferior actress, and Miss Antoinette Walker gives a pleasing performance in the first act as Nang Ping, Mr. Wu's daughter. One regrets that the ethics of the house of Wu demand her removal after this act. S. W.

The three little plays of J. Hartley Manners which were performed at a series of special matinées in this city some time ago now appear in book form (Dodd, Mead; \$1 net). Two of them, "Happiness" and "Just as Well," do not, in their printed form, exhibit any special literary quality to entitle them to present consideration. Both have certain peculiarly theatrical merits, but the one is labored and unreal and the other an amusing but somewhat silly trifle. The third, and most ambitious, "The Day of Dupes," is well written, and, in a way, impressive, but perfectly incredible to human experience. It tells the story of a disillusioned courtesan, who, inheriting a fortune, after drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs, realizes the bitterness of them, and, summoning her various lovers, representatives of wealth, politics, literature, and art, returns their gifts in full, and peremptorily dismisses them. The main point of the fable is contained in her rebuke to the artist who first seduced her from innocence, on the plea that all love should be free. He acknowledges that he has learned too late that his theory was wrong, that life at its fullest can only be attained by the perfect union of man and woman, but, when she asks him whether he is prepared to marry her, he balks. She makes the obvious retort that his inspiration had been won at the price of her degradation. Her homily is eloquent and firmly rooted in social philosophy and ethics, but in the circumstances lacks the requisite note of tragic sincerity. It comes from the life of a woman who was content to follow her profession until a stroke of good luck made her independent of it, and who, apparently, has been unscarred, in mind or body, by a long and dissolute career. Mr. Manners had a good dramatic motive, but he has weakened it incalculably by ignoring the facts of life for the sake of what he wrongly deems the exigencies of the theatre.

Writing of the performance of "The Impossible Woman" ("Tante") in the Haymarket Theatre, London, a critic says: "Perhaps the struggle for the affection of Karen would be more imposing if the girl had some marked individuality, if she gave you a clear impression that she was worth fighting about. But no, she is just a silly little goose, though Miss Hilda Bayley does contrive to make her a very dainty and winsome little goose. And Mr. Godfrey Tearle makes, of course, a very manly and handsome husband for her. But you don't care greatly about the young couple, for you know all the time that they are a mere pretext—a pretext for the exhibition of Mercedes. Miss Lillah McCarthy throws herself (throws is the word) into the part with a devil-may-care abandonment. . . . A fascinatingly repellent figure she makes of it, which is just, of course, what artistically had to be made of it."

Music

American composers will have a hearing at the Little Theatre this season. Its director, Winthrop Ames, has decided that all his musical programmes shall be made up of American pieces, and Rudolph Schirmer declares that he shall be glad to consider for publication the works that are selected. They must be arranged for Conductor Schenck's quartet, violin, 'cello, piano, and organ. Manuscripts must be sent to Elliott Schenck at the Little Theatre, not later than November 15, 1914.

The musical programme of the Institute of Arts and Science of Columbia University for the coming season includes the following: (1) Recitals by David Bispham, Oscar Seagle, George Harris, jr., and Miss Harriet Marple; and joint recitals by Mr. and Mrs. John W. Nichols, Mrs. Woods Bawden and Miss Josephine McCulloh, Prof. Cornelius Rübner, and Miss Dagmar Rübner, Mr. and Mrs. T. Foster Why, Mr. and Mrs. Philippe Coudert, and Mrs. Agnes Alsop Ward and Mr. Wilfred Edge; (2) concerts by the Marum Quartet, the Dethier-Durieux-Diller Trio, the Tollefsen Trio, the Russian Bayan Quartet, the English Folk-Song Quartet, the Elsa Fischer Quartet, the New York Vocal Quartet, and the Dannreuther Quartet; (3) lecture recitals by Prof. Daniel Gregory Mason, assisted by Mr. Edouard Dethier, "The Violin Sonata, Old and New"; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Remy, "The Wagnerian Music-Dramas"; Dr. John S. Van Cleve, "The Romantic Movement in Music," and Miss Beatrice Wainwright, "Old English Songs of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." There will be thirty-five musical events altogether, and the season's programme also includes lectures on art, literature, drama, and popular lectures on social questions. The Institute entered its second year Tuesday evening, October 13. Membership is open to all without requirements.

"Fireworks" is the title of a composition by the Russian "musical nihilist," Stravinsky, which made a sensation in London last season. It is to be one of the novelties of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at its concerts in Carnegie Hall this season. Other novelties to be conducted by Mr. Stravinsky are: the "Sinfonietta" of Erich Korngold; Max Reger's serenade for two orchestras; Hadley's "Lucifer"; Novak's "Slavic Suite," and the "Endymion" suite of Hinton. Among local composers represented are three members of the Philharmonic Orchestra—Burke, Laucella, and Stahlberg—the pieces chosen being a "Meditation," an "Oriental Temple Dance," and a Funeral Rhapsody. Another local composer, Stojowski, whose music is much favored by Paderewski, will contribute a suite (opus 9). Paderewski himself will be represented at these Philharmonic concerts by the dazzling ballet music from his melodious opera, "Manru." Other quasi-novelties promised are: Tchaikovsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," for 'cello and orchestra (played by Leo Schulz); the overture to D'Albert's opera "Der Improvisator"; the "Roma" suite by the composer of "Carmen"; Debussy's "The Children's Corner"; Dvorák's superb "Scherzo Capriccioso," and D'Indy's symphonic variations from "Istar." There will also be special Wagner and Tchaikovsky programmes.

Among the soloists engaged are: Lucrezia Bori, Alma Gluck, Lucille Weingartner-Marcel, Julia Culp, Pasquale Amato, Fritz Kreisler, Efreim Zimbalist, Arrigo Serato, Jacques Thibaud, Leo Schulz, Eleanor Spencer, Germaine Schnitzer, Ferruccio Busoni, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Carl Friedberg, and David Sapirstein. In addition, Kitty Cheatham has been engaged to entertain the little people at two concerts.

The Symphony Society of New York, Walter Damrosch, conductor, announces a series of eight Friday and sixteen Sunday afternoon concerts to be given in Aeolian Hall. The first concert will occur on Friday afternoon, October 23. The soloists at these concerts are announced as: Alma Gluck, Harold Bauer, Efreim Zimbalist, Olive Fremstad, Ferruccio Busoni, Fritz Kreisler, Elena Gerhardt, Schumann-Heink, Frank Gittelson, Josef Hofmann, Emilio de Gogorza, Leonard Borwick, Carl Flesch, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Alexander Saslavsky, and George Barrère. Among the important works to be performed are: "A Comedy Overture," "The Pierrot of the Minuet," by Bantock; a tableau musicale, "Sadko," by Rimsky-Korsakoff; an overture, "Polyeucte," by Paul Dukas; an overture, "Cockaigne" (in London Town), by Elgar; "The Swan," by Sibelius; "Death and Transfiguration," by Strauss, and "Les Fêtes d'Hébé," by Rameau; also symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, and Saint-Saëns. Some of the important novelties include: "Islamey, Fantaisie Orientale," by Balakireff; "British Folk Music and Dances," by Grainger; "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," by Liszt; "Daphnis and Chloe," by Ravel; "Le Festin de l'Araignée," by Roussel; "Scherzo," "Le Joli Jeu de Furet," by Roger Ducasse. A Brahms programme is announced as including the coöperation of Fritz Kreisler in the Violin Concerto, and a programme will be devoted to an illustration of the remarkable development of ballet music in France from the time of Rameau to Ravel. A programme of Bohemian music will include a Pastoral Suite by Dvorák, new here, and a novelty by Suk, who is considered the representative Czech composer living to-day. As the piano concertos of Chopin have not been heard in the concerts of the Society for several years, his E minor and F minor will be played by Mr. Hofmann and Mr. Busoni.

Philadelphia now boasts of one of the most notable philanthropic institutions in the country, Theodore Presser's Home for Retired Music Teachers. It was dedicated in the presence of a notable assemblage, and speeches were made by a number of persons prominent in social and musical circles, including Mayor Blankenburg. Maud Powell and David Bispham contributed to the musical entertainment, and also spoke briefly. The building, an imposing structure (pictured in *Musical America* of October 3), accommodates about one hundred persons. With the endowment it already represents an investment on Mr. Presser's part of half a million, which is to be increased to a million dollars. Before planning the home, Mr. Presser had gone to Milan to study Verdi's home for musicians. In his address he remarked that "the building of the home was made possible through the commercial support of music teachers during the past half-century. The day has now come for me to return to the music teachers,

in a measure, what belonged to them. In this home the music teacher will find a haven of rest, for there will be no caste or sect distinction. The humble teacher who has labored faithfully in a village is as welcome as the metropolitan teacher who once thrilled thousands in the concert room. . . . There are several hundred thousand music teachers in the United States, so that many such institutions are needed, and I hope to live to see some of them founded."

Finance

MARKETS AND WAR NEWS.

Commenting on the news from Belgium, an experienced member of the Stock Exchange remarked at his club, last week: "It has been curiously interesting, for those in touch with Wall Street, to see how, even in the fragments of markets which are now in operation, the trend is influenced, almost imperceptibly, by the war news." He meant that these markets had been moving adversely during the advance on Paris, had begun to get into tangibly better position when the retreat from the Marne occurred and while the Allied line was slowly pressing forward, but had fallen back into hesitating apathy when Antwerp fell.

Financial markets do not move because of impulsive feeling or individual sympathy. It apparently followed that they did not believe that the present war could be settled by German victories. Now, the financial markets may have been acting on erroneous judgment. History gives instances enough of wars which resulted very differently from what the average man in the street imagined when the fighting started. It is conceivable that, in the present case, the American community may for various reasons have been more attentive to the point of view at London than at Berlin. But these very possibilities make it interesting to inquire, what has been the attitude of such financial markets, in the early part of other wars whose results are now recorded history.

When the American Civil War began, a considerable part of the New York business community had been hoping that the North would make no resistance to secession. The political tension of that period reached its climax; Fort Sumter was fired on, and the response of the North was such as proved that the Government would meet the challenge of the South. The immediate response of the Stock Exchange was a vigorous advance. From that time forward, until April, 1865, the financial markets improved with every Union victory, and fell back with every victory—and there were a good many of them—by the Confederacy.

If the markets in the early stages of our Civil War correctly measured the prospects of the conflict, the markets of 1870 were even more accurate in their judgment of the preliminary campaigning of the Franco-Prussian War. Nothing could be more opposite than their attitude towards the German advance that year on Paris, and towards the similar advance last August. Beginning with the smaller initial German victories in 1870,

all news of such successes caused a rise on the London Stock Exchange, though England's actual sympathy was largely on the side of France.

Our own markets, and the markets of the European Continent, broke violently during the early and serious English reverses in the Transvaal War. Had they believed in the possibility of a final victory by the Boers, the logic of the situation would have led to action precisely opposite. During the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, from the participants in which we were financially more remote than in any of the other wars referred to, Stock Exchange prices, in Paris as well as London, rose on each announcement of Japanese successes. The financial attitude in this respect, during the Balkan War, would be harder to determine; but in that case the paramount interest of the markets was, not whether Turkey or her Balkan antagonists would win, nor even how long the war itself would last, but whether the neutral European Powers could be kept from fighting when it ended.

So that past experience rather strongly indicates that the composite judgment of the financial community, on the outbreak of a war, is usually correct as to its probable results. It may be a good while before we shall know how the rule has fitted in this present war.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

- Carson, N. B. Rosemary for Remembrance. Doran. 75 cents net.
 Chester, G. R. A Tale of Red Roses. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 50 cents net.
 Dostoevsky. Crime and Punishment. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Eyre, L. The Things that Count. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.25 net.
 Footner, H. The Sealed Valley. Doubleday, Page. \$1.25 net.
 Ford, R. Thistledown. Stokes. \$1.75 net.
 Greene, H. Handicapped. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
 Hardy, A. S. Diane. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
 Knight, W. A. The Well by Bethlehem's Gate. Pilgrim Press. 60 cents net.
 Lea, F. H. Sicily Ann. Harper. \$1 net.
 Marriott, C. The Ward of Tecumseh. Phila.: Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
 Munro, H. H. Beasts and Super-Beasts. Lane. \$1.25 net.
 Pawlowska, Y. A Child Went Forth. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50 net.
 Poor, L. T. A Summer Siege. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.25 net.
 Reeve, A. B. Guy Garrick. Hearst's Int. Library Co. \$1 net.
 Rice, A. H. The Honorable Percival. Century.
 Saxby, C. L. A Captain of the King. Boston: Sherman, French.
 Schauffer, R. H. The Joyful Heart. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
 Scott, G. F. Jean Cabot in Cap and Gown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. \$1 net.
 Seawell, M. E. Betty's Virginia Christmas. Phila.: Lippincott. \$1.50 net.
 Sedgwick, A. D. The Encounter. Century. \$1.30 net.
 Sinclair, U. Sylvia's Marriage. Phila.: Winston. \$1.20 net.
 Stoothoff, E. The Nightingale. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Bain, F. W. A Syrup of the Bees. Putnam.
 Bradley, A. G. Clear Waters. Houghton Mifflin. \$2 net.
 Douglas, S. O. G. A Theory of Civilization. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.

- Fitch, A. P. The College Course and the Preparation for Life. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
 Lighton, Wm. R. Letters of an Old Farmer to His Son. Doran. \$1 net.
 Sharman, Lyon. Bamboo. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. \$1 net.
 Shreve, F. A Montane Rain-Forest. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
 Talbot, E. Tim: The Autobiography of a Dog. Harper. 50 cents net.
 Tatlock, J. S. P. The Scene of the Franklin's Tale Visited. Oxford University Press.
 The Pocket Books: Courtin' Christina. Blinds Down. Leonora. The Noble Rogue. The Fleets at War. The Search Party. The Campaign of Sedan. Because of Jane. The Truth About an Author. How the War Began. Doran.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Barclay, F. L. The Golden Censer. Doran. 50 cents net.
 Bryan, W. J. The Price of a Soul. The Value of an Ideal. Man. The Prince of Peace. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 30 cents each net.
 Berle, A. A. Christianity and the Social Rage. McBride, Nast. \$1.50 net.
 Coleman, C. B. Constantine the Great and Christianity. Longmans, Green.
 Florer, W. W. Luther's Use of the Pre-Lutheran Versions of the Bible. Article I. Ann Arbor, Michigan: George Wahr. 35 cents net.
 Hall, N. M. Civic Righteousness and Civic Pride. Boston: Sherman, French.
 Hegeman, J. W. Must Protestantism Adopt Christian Science? Harper. 75 cents net.
 Russell, B. Scientific Method in Philosophy. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. \$2 net.
 Tapp, S. C. Why Jesus Was a Man and Not a Woman. Privately printed.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

- Dearle, N. B. Industrial Training. London: P. S. King & Son. Price 10s. 6d. net.
 Haney, L. H. Business Organization and Combination. Macmillan. \$2 net.
 Hasse, A. R. Index to U. S. Documents Relating to Foreign Affairs. Washington: Carnegie Institution. Part I.
 Johnson, J. F. Money and Currency. Boston: Ginn. \$1.75 net.
 Lyon, H. Principles of Taxation. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
 Robbins, E. C. Railway Conductors. Longmans, Green.
 Thirtieth Annual Report of the Commissioners of the State Reservation of Niagara. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Adams, H. P. The French Revolution. McClurg. \$1 net.
 Baker, W. K. Stories from Northern Myths. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Bernhardt, Frederick von. How Germany Makes War. Doran. \$1.25 net.
 Bryce, G. A Short History of the Canadian People. Scribner.
 Cramb, J. A. Germany and England. Dutton. \$1 net.
 Crawford, M. C. Social Life in Old New England. Boston: Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.
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 Quint, W. D. The Story of Dartmouth. Boston: Little, Brown. \$2 net.
 Stevens, W. O. The Story of Our Navy. Harper. \$1.50 net.
 Temlinson, E. T. Scouting with Daniel Boone. Doubleday, Page. \$1.20 net.
 Whiting, L. The Lure of London. Boston: Little, Brown. \$3 net.

SCIENCE.

Beard, P. Jolly Book of Boxcraft. Stokes. \$1.35 net.
 Calkins, M. W. A First Book in Psychology. Macmillan. \$1 net.
 Jewett, F. G. The Next Generation. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents net.
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 Ogden, R. M. An Introduction to General Psychology. Longmans, Green. \$1.25 net.
 Thompson, C. B. Scientific Management. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
 Williston, S. W. Water Reptiles of the Past and Present. Chicago: University Press. \$3 net.

TRAVEL.

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ART.

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 Kuhn, Rev. A. Roma. Part VI. Benziger Brothers. 35 cents net.
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 Staley, E. British Painters: Their Story and Their Art. Stokes. \$1.75 net.

JUVENILE.

Chisholm, L. In Fairyland. Putnam.
 Claudy, C. H. Tell-Me-Why Stories About Animals. McBride, Nast. \$1.25 net.

Dalrymple, Leona. Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration. In the Great of the Christmas Pines. Uncle Noah's Christmas Party. McBride, Nast. \$1 net each.
 Dawson, Dr. Jean. The Boys and Girls of Garden City. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents net.
 Hawkins, C. J. Ned Brewster's Caribou Hunt. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.20 net.
 Knipe, A. A. and E. B. Remember Rhymes. Hearst's Int. Library Co. \$1.25 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Briggs, T. H. A Laboratory Manual of Letters. Boston: Ginn. 25 cents net.
 Blount, A., and Northrup, C. S. An English Grammar. Holt.
 Bloomfield, L. An Introduction to the Study of Language. Holt.
 Cairns, A. B. American Literature for Secondary Schools. Macmillan. \$1 net.
 Hitchcock, A. S. A Text-Book of Grasses. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Mattill, H. I. Laboratory Directions for Elementary Chemistry. Holt.
 Noyes, E. C. Basic Principles of Oral English. Vol. I. Boston: W. C. Noyes School of Expression. \$1.25 net.
 Slichter, C. S. Elementary Mathematical Analysis. McGraw-Hill Book Co. \$2.50 net.
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